

Mafia Pog

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Category:	Other
Fandoms:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream SMP
Relationships:	Ranboo & Technoblade & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Niki Nihachu & Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo & Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson, Ranboo & Wilbur Soot , Niki Nihachu & Ranboo , Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo , Alexis Quackity & Ranboo , Karl Jacobs & Sapnap Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Wilbur Soot , Niki Nihachu , Alexis Quackity , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Floris Fundy , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs , Dream SMP Ensemble , Eret (Video Blogging RPF) , Cuptoast Crumb (Video Blogging RPF) , Charlie Dalgleish , Sneegsnag
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Mafia Pog

by [B0N3D4D1](#)

Summary

"Slacking already?"

Ranboo glanced back, seeing a smirking Technoblade in the doorway. The pinkette had a partially open box in his hands, it had 'dishes' written in sharpie on its side but they were pretty sure it wasn't holding any dishes.

"No, just taking a break."

His dad huffed fondly before entering the room, placing the box down and plopping down next to the teenager. A warm hand was placed on their head, fingers running through two-toned locks and untangling any knots that may have formed.

"Do you think if we left and went to McDonald's Phil would be mad?"

Ranboo chuckled, Phil had been placed in charge, putting both themself and Techno to work almost immediately. The teen wasn't upset about that though, hell he was grateful the two were even helping them pack up their apartment finally. Since they became Ranboo Belvoi-Craft legally, it was decided he should just officially move into the Craft household.

"Absolutely furious actually, it would be even worse if we didn't bring back something for him."

Notes

It is suggested you read the first part in this series or this fic will be hella confusing.

Author note here::

Ranboo is selectively mute, whenever he 'speaks' it will be in italics since they will be signing everything.

When they do say something aloud it won't be italicized.

Tw's;;

Mentions of Quackity
Aftermath of Kidnapping
Aftermath of Torture
Unintentional Self-harm **
Mentions of Wounds/Injuries
Mentions of Branding
Mentions of Intrusive Thoughts

** Ranboo isn't doing this intentionally, it's a bad coping mechanism they are trying to stop.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

New Beginnings

Shirt, pair of socks, a boot, another shirt, pair of pants, shorts, one single glove, and was that a Lemon Demon beanie? Yeah, they weren't leaving that behind. He's been shoving clothes into black trash bags for at least two hours now, how did they get so many clothes in the first place? There must be a limit to how many clothes one person can own, and he was surely past that by now.

Ranboo sighed as they fell back onto the floor, how long have they been packing now? Three, four hours? Maybe longer, either way, it felt like they only packed a fraction of the place. The teen didn't even own much, half the stuff was trash anyway, surely they should have been done by now.

"Slacking already?"

Ranboo glanced back, seeing a smirking Technoblade in the doorway. The pinkette had a partially open box in his hands, it had 'dishes' written in sharpie on its side but they were pretty sure it wasn't holding any dishes.

"No, just taking a break."

His dad huffed fondly before entering the room, placing the box down and plopping down next to the teenager. A warm hand was placed on their head, fingers running through two-toned locks and untangling any knots that may have formed. He should probably ask Techno to help re-dye their roots, sandy blonde was peeking through again.

"Do you think if we left and went to McDonald's Phil would be mad?"

Ranboo chuckled, Phil had been placed in charge of managing the whole packing thing. The blonde took charge easily, putting both themselves and Techno to work almost immediately. The teen wasn't upset about that though, hell he was grateful the two were even helping them pack up their apartment finally. Since they became Ranboo Belvoi-Craft legally it was decided he should just officially move into the Craft household, which meant packing up his mediocre apartment.

"Absolutely furious actually, it would be even worse if we didn't bring back something for him."

The pinkette leaned back on his hands with a groan, Ranboo was half tempted to tease his dad about being old but last time they did that Techno threatened to dye their hair a fluorescent pink. He'd rather not take that chance, Phil was fair game though. Speaking of Phil.

"Hey Boo have you seen- Oh nevermind then."

The blonde entered the room as well, Ranboo's apartment bedroom was not very big and with things scattered around it barely held three people. It also probably didn't help that the

teenager was sprawled on the ground, currently looking up at an upside-down Philza.

"How's it looking so far, mate? Any more trash we need to toss?"

The teen pointed to two full trash bags, at this point Ranboo was convinced half of his earthly belongings were actually trash. The blonde nodded while grabbing the bags, lugging them out of the room before poking his head back in.

"I'll go drop these off at the dumpster, then we can take a break for lunch. Is Chinese take-out okay with you two?"

Ranboo gave a thumbs-up while Technoblade hummed in approval, his eyes shut as he leaned his head back. They would have offered to take the trash down to the dumpster but since he was still technically healing neither of his dads were letting them carry anything, and he meant anything. Ranboo tried to carry an almost-empty cardboard box, it only had a book or two and a blanket, to their old room to start packing away random items they found only to have it snatched by Dadza; yeah Tommy's nickname rubbed off on them.

So they were left to sort through what they wanted to keep and what they wanted to trash, Phil sighed sadly when Ranboo refused to throw away a single Hawaiian shirt; he paid good money for these shirts and they will be worn with pride, even the one with a hole in the sleeve. They did trash a bunch of worn-out clothes though, he would have donated them but the things were literally falling apart at the seams.

"Do you want your usual or something new?"

The dual-toned teen looked to the ceiling as they thought, *"Usual, but instead of chicken do pork. And one of those pizza roll things."* The pinkette watched him before nodding, pulling out his phone, and working on placing the order. The room was silent other than the clicking of Techno typing on his phone, just barely they could hear people in the next apartment going about their lives.

"Are you going to keep laying there or would you like to move to the couch where you won't be damaging your young teenager bones?"

Ranboo huffed before pushing themselves up, dusting off any dust or dirt that might have clung to him as he sat. His dad followed shortly after, stretching until his back cracked loudly. They were sure Techno would end up breaking his back doing that one day, today wasn't that day thankfully. The pinkette ushered them out of the room, moving things from the couch before having them sit down while he went to grab paper plates and plastic utensils. All of Ranboo's dishware was packed away already and on its way to some Goodwill to be sold at somewhat decent prices, being bought by some family to use.

The apartment door opened before shutting, their dad walking in shortly after and collapsing on the couch next to them with a huff. Technoblade brought over the plates and utensils, placing them on a box that was acting as a coffee table. The time waiting for their food was spent having small conversations with each other, mostly about packing and how many trips it would take to move all of Ranboo's things back to the house.

When the food finally got there they ate in relative silence, just enjoying the food and each other's presence. After lunch was another two hours of packing before Phil said they should leave the rest for tomorrow, Techno said the only reason Phil wanted to stop was that the sun was setting and he wanted to be home before dark. Ranboo understood that being out past dark wasn't something the teen liked to do anymore, seeing as last time ended pretty horribly.

Ranboo got one bag out to the car before Phil practically pushed them into the car, telling him to stop trying to pick up things or else they'll hurt themselves. Do you know how hard it is to go through a normal day without picking up things? Extremely hard. So now they sat in the back seat of his dads' car, elbow leaning on the door while they rested his chin in his hand. He had been watching the different cars go by, so focused on the moving lights that they jumped when the driverside door opened.

"Sorry kid didn't mean to spook you." Technoblade slid into his seat, shutting the door once he was fully inside. "Phil should be out in a minute, he got swept into a conversation with your old landlord."

The dual-toned teen nodded, glancing back out the window. Their hand absent-mindedly moved to prod and scratch at the mostly healed brand carved into his right shoulder, only stopping when a hand grabbed his wrist and moved their hand away.

"Sorry."

"You don't need to apologize Boo."

It became an unconscious habit to mess around with the injury whenever they were lost in thought, it was a lot worse when it was still healing. No one liked bringing it up, which Ranboo didn't mind but it sucked when someone in his family had to stop them from ripping open his own skin. It's not like they were doing it on purpose either, half the time he didn't even know they were doing it.

Their dad let go of their wrist, looking over them with concern. Ranboo hated being the reason for that look, but he knew apologizing again would just make it worse. They weren't left to stew in his thoughts for long, the passenger door opened before Phil slipped in.

"I don't know about you two but I'm ready to crash."

Technoblade huffed before turning and starting the car, the radio playing some pop song at a low volume as they traveled back home. The ride wasn't long, no one really said anything other than Phil's occasional humming when he recognized a song. Soon enough they were pulling into the driveway, the floodlight turning on once it sensed movement.

"We'll leave the stuff in the car tonight and just get it in the morning."

Ranboo agreed with the pinkette, all three of them were tired and ready to pass out the second their heads hit their pillows. The teen followed after the two as they walked to the front door, Phil unlocked the door before pushing it open. They barely got past the door frame when a white blur sped towards them, smacking into the teen and easily knocking them over.

The teen huffed but still buried his hands into the dog's fur, pushing the slobbering mouth away from their face. Steve didn't seem to care, licking away at their hands and any available parts of their face; their mask was probably the only reason most of their face was safe from drool.

"I swear one day Steve is going to end up knocking them out when he tackles them like that."

"He just doesn't know his own strength sometimes, at least he's not throwing them out the door."

The canine pushed his head against Ranboo's hands, eagerly asking for attention while his tail wagged happily behind him. They gladly gave the dog his attention, eventually Steve rolled onto their back and demanded belly rubs which Ranboo couldn't deny even if he wanted to. Phil and Techno left him and Steve in the entryway, going around and doing whatever needed to be done before they could go to bed.

Eventually, Steve relented and let Ranboo up, the teen was covered in white dog fur but honestly so was almost every article of clothing they owned. If his shirt wasn't covered in Steve fur then it was definitely covered in Enderchest fur, speaking of where was their cat? It didn't take long to find the feline, she was sprawled across his bed giving a soft 'mrow' when he scratched under her chin.

The dual-toned teen picked her up, cradling her in one arm while he got ready for bed. They placed Enderchest onto the bed again, this time not on the blankets he'd be climbing under, so they could get changed. Ranboo slipped on a pair of shorts and a Lemon Demon t-shirt, once he deemed everything they needed to do before bed was done they slipped under the covers. Enderchest moved until she was curled up by his chest, a purr rumbling her tiny body.

They pulled her close, hands stroking through her silky fur as he started drifting off. Before they could enter the realm of sleep their hand patted around the bed until landing on the soft fabric that belonged to non other than Michael himself. Ranboo pulled the pig plush close as well, Enderchest on one side while Michael sat on the other. He knew tomorrow would be filled with more packing, though hopefully it would be the last day of moving boxes, they also knew Tommy and Tubbo were coming to help after they got off from school.

Ranboo wasn't sure how they pulled it off but their dads managed to convince his professors into giving them time off until the start of the next school year, which the teen was more than grateful for. He wasn't sure how well their brain would handle calculus while also trying not to shut down at the slightest hint of danger, they still felt bad for decking Tommy when the blonde tried to tackle them. Needless to say, Ranboo didn't need to worry about grades right now which was a huge load off their back.

For now, though they would focus on tomorrow instead of days in the future, who knows maybe tomorrow Phil will actually let them lift something heavier than a pillow.

Safeguard

Chapter Summary

Just a nice chapter, with some sprinkles of angst/hurt/comfort
idk anymore what I'm even doing.

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Mentions of Quackity
Aftermath of Kidnapping
Aftermath of Torture
Mentions of Wounds/Injuries
Disassociation
Mentions of Violence
Mentions of Hospitals
Mentions of Death

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He never wanted to see another cardboard box or black trash bag for at least a month, maybe the rest of their life. After a total of four days packing up Ranboo's apartment, they were finally done. They would have been done sooner if his dads let them carry some boxes, but of course, they didn't so it took a lot longer. Tommy and Tubbo showed up at the apartment two hours ago, helping carry boxes from the apartment down to the car. The two teens had made it into a competition, 'who could move the most boxes' and 'who could carry the most boxes'. They each won one, making them tie in the end.

Now they were unpacking the car of boxes, dropping them off into Ranboo's room so he could unpack them. A lot of the boxes just got pushed into the closet to be forgotten about for months at a time, probably years actually. Currently, the teen was perched on their bed digging through a box of random items, anything from notebooks to weird keychains was sitting in this box. Tommy and Tubbo said they were going to help him but, of course, they weren't. The blonde was playing Animal Crossing on his Switch while the brunette was spinning around in the dual-toned teen's desk chair.

"Don't you think it's weird you can have a hamster cage in your house but also have hamster neighbors? Seems kind of fucked up if you ask me."

"How come you can't have any fish neighbors? I think they would make great neighbors."

"How would they breathe then? Wouldn't they need to stay underwater?"

The two had been going back and forth with these questions, some were very serious about the lore of Animal Crossing while others were simple like this fish one. The two were planning on staying the night and leaving tomorrow morning for school, though no doubt they would try and stay home or play sick. Ranboo wouldn't mind the company, recently they have been feeling lonely while not actually alone; it was a hard thing to describe. Like he could be sitting in his room doing whatever and then boom! They're lonely, having to go seek out one of their dads or another member of the family. The worst part was that they would follow his family members around because they didn't want to be alone, no one seemed to care but Ranboo felt like he was annoying and a pest; yet they refused to stop unless told to.

Maybe that was why the two teens were hanging out in his room versus their own room upstairs? Everyone must have picked up on their constant need to be around someone? Ranboo didn't even care if they were doing anything, he was perfectly content to just sit in silence as long as they were in the same room as someone else. He brought it up to Phil and Techno once, neither one judged him rather they actively invited Ranboo into their spaces; like the office or their room.

"So you know how you can get tombstones? Does that mean someone died? Are we just carrying around stolen gravestones?"

"You can also get bones that are clearly human."

The blonde glanced up from his game, looking at Tubbo in disbelief. The brunette shrugged before pushing off of the floor and spinning around in the chair quickly, he'd get sick in a matter of minutes if he didn't slow down. Tommy huffed before looking back at his game, having his avatar run around his island picking up weeds and such.

Occassionally he'd glance up to check on Ranboo, the other teen had been spacey and just generally out of it these last few days. It wasn't abnormal for them to zone out a lot but it was still concerning, especially when it lasted longer than a few minutes. Like right now, for example, the two-toned teen was just blankly staring into the box. Tommy huffed before snapping in front of their face, shocking them back into the present.

"You back with us Boob-boy?"

"I didn't leave, I was just thinking."

"Sure you were."

Ranboo sighed before rummaging around in the box again, pulling out random items and placing them in one of the piles in front of them. Tommy would have helped, but he needed to check in on the Able Sisters before they closed for the night. He refused to time skip, wanting to play the game without using cheats, unlike Tubbo. He still needed to convince Ranboo to play with them, though the teen seemed disinterested in the game; which Tommy just couldn't understand, it was such a good game!

And just like that the blonde's thoughts went back to the two-toned teenager sitting next to him, his shoulder leaning into their side. Everyone was still worried over Ranboo, it's only been a few months since they last saw Quackity yet Ranboo acted like everything was normal. Tommy knew it was just that, an act. He saw moments when that facade dropped and left behind the scared teenager they were before. He'd been there to wake up Ranboo from nightmares, calming them down as they clung to him desperately. He'd seen the mask break at the sight of someone who resembled Quackity. He knows Ranboo isn't as okay as they are pretending to be.

When Techno called them from the police station Tommy was terrified, he knew the others were as well. When they got to the casino Tommy wanted to be there to rescue Ranboo, but all the adults denied him; they wouldn't even explain what happened afterward. And then the doctors were only letting Phil and Wilbur in to check on them, it was completely unfair. Tommy had to wait until the next day to see his sibling, he never wanted to see Ranboo like that again; covered in bandages and injuries that the blonde knew were caused by Quackity.

So sure he was sticking close, can you blame him? One of his best friends almost died, again; Tommy still thought about that even though the two-toned teen was perfectly fine now. He wasn't clingy, Ranboo and Tubbo were clingy, not him.

A knock sounded at the door, a pink head peeking in shortly after.

"Hey, did you still want me to touch up your roots kid?"

The dual-toned teen glanced up at the noise, spotting their dad in the doorway. At his question the teen nodded, sliding off the bed. They snickered at the squawk from Tommy as he fell to the side, having been leaning against them most of the evening. Ranboo followed after their dad, already knowing where they were headed; the hallway bathroom.

Techno had offered to take them to the salon he goes to, but Ranboo declined. If they were uncomfortable with the rest of their family touching his hair, how would he be okay with a stranger touching their head? So for now, only the pinkette was allowed to dye their hair, he'd probably let Phil do it as well if he wanted. Techno was usually the one to mess with their hair, he'd offer to braid some strands together every morning; Ranboo liked running their hand across the plait and feeling how the strands twisted around each other.

Ranboo took his regular seat on the closed toilet lid, watching as his dad rummaged through the mirror cabinet for the dye. At some point Techno switched him from box dyes to bottles, which was the smarter choice anyway; Ranboo had a lot of hair so where he'd have to use two or three boxes per color for their hair he now only needed two bottles. The pinkette pulled out the bottles, turning them to look over the instructions even though the teen knew he had already memorized them.

Soon enough there were hands rubbing dye onto their head, fingers scratching across their skin gently. Ranboo's eyes were shut as he relaxed, once they got used to the touch it changed into something he craved. Thankfully Techno or Phil would play with their hair at least two times a day, he hopes they can get to the point the others can touch their head without the threat of him accidentally biting them; he's bitten Wilbur at least three times now not counting the first time at the hospital. They always felt bad about it afterward, it was a

reaction at this point and it was getting rather hard to break, but he was making progress! Tubbo was able to move come close without Ranboo snapping at him, Wilbur and Niki were able to have their hands hover over his head, and Tommy could even place his hand on their head; though the second he moves it is another story.

"You tired?"

The teen hummed softly, he wasn't tired exactly more relaxed than anything. Techno had just finished the black half, removing the gloves to replace them before moving to work with the white dye. The pinkette, after having years of experience with dyeing his own hair, knew exactly what to do when it came to dyeing his kid's hair. He dumped a bit of the gooey dye on his newly gloved hand, smearing it into the teen's hair. He made sure to not miss a single hair, he also made sure not to let the colors overlap; the teen didn't need grey hair yet.

"So I was thinking, if you're up for it, Wilbur, Tommy, you, and I could take a trip over to Walmart tomorrow. Phil said we were running low on some specific brand of coffee he likes that can only be bought at Walmart, and both Wilbur and Tommy have been restless recently. Niki's been busy with the bakery and Tubbo's being forced to meet up with a tutor since he's falling behind in his classes. Phil hates Walmart for some reason, won't step foot past the door. So I figure why not kill two birds with one stone? Take Wilbur and Tommy out to burn off excess energy and go grocery shopping, but I wanted to ask if you wanted to tag along?"

Ranboo glanced up at the pinkette halfway through his rambling, they weren't sure about going to a store. Walking around the neighborhood with Steve and the others was one thing, going to the local park was harder, but they've never tried a store since Quackity. It was weird to think of parts of their life as before and after Quackity, and then to classify between the first Quackity incident and the second. Either way Ranboo hasn't been in a public building, except the Syndicate headquarters but that was different, since Quackity so they had no idea what to expect. Having Techno, Wilbur, and Tommy there would be comforting at least, and they knew the second he asked to leave they would, but he didn't want to ruin the trip for the others.

"Can I think about it?"

"Yeah of course Boo, I'm not going to force you to choose right this second. I'd actually prefer you think it over other than forcing yourself because you think that's what we want you to do."

Ranboo was regretting even mentioning his people-pleasing issue, it wasn't even an issue really. They just wanted to make the others happy and if doing things they wanted to do that then, of course, he was going to do that, Puffy had said that he was pushing himself below everyone else and that it was unhealthy to do so. She suggested trying to be selfish every once in a while, do things they want to do. It's a lot harder than you would think. Just the thought of telling someone in his family 'no' made them feel guilty, strangers not so much; there was one specific person he would gladly deny doing things for.

"Well now we just wait for this to set, want to go watch a movie?"

"As long as it's not Up or Bambi."

"What is up with you hating on Bambi recently?"

"He is better than me and that makes me angry."

"Kid, he's a cartoon deer."

"Still better."

Chapter End Notes

I really like writing Tommy's character, he's very expressive even if he doesn't show it.
:)

Pressure

Chapter Summary

(シ_)シ

I offer this chapter to you, B0N3L1NGS.
May you be well fed today.

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Quackity
Aftermath of Kidnapping
Aftermath of Torture
Disassociation
Panic Attacks
Gaslighting **
Intrusive Thoughts
Anxiety
Separation Anxiety
Conditioning

** Ranboo is gaslighting themselves, he doesn't realize it. They are invalidating themselves because of their insecurities and everything Quackity has told them still floating around in his head.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Why did they agree?

Walmart was crowded even on a Tuesday at ten in the morning, why were there so many people? Surely they didn't all need to be at Walmart today at this specific time. Why did Techno pick today? Would it be less crowded tomorrow? Or maybe at night? This is a twenty-four-hour Walmart, couldn't they just come back at three in the morning when no one was here? That sounded much better, why didn't they do that?

"Ranboo?"

And it was so loud. Why was it so loud? So many different people were talking at the same time, he could barely hear their own thoughts. How could anyone hear anything in here? The

music playing from the speakers wasn't helping anything, it was some popular pop song Ranboo couldn't remember the name of; Phil would probably know.

"Boo?"

Their grip tightened around the yellow fabric of Wilbur's sweater, he wasn't sure when he grabbed the brunette's sleeve. Wilbur was saying something, or they thought he was due to his mouth moving. He looked concerned and worried, that expression wasn't doing any favors for Ranboo's spiraling thoughts. The brunette used his free hand to pull something out of his back pocket, holding it out for the teen to take. Their hands shook as they took the offered object, earbuds? What were these for?

Wilbur mimicked putting the earbuds in his ears, oh he wanted them to put the headphones on, they could do that. It took a second to put both on, the teen refused to let go of Wilbur's sleeve. Once both were securely in Wilbur pulled out his phone, typing something in before glancing up at them. Was something supposed to- Oh. There were the opening chords to one of Wilbur's songs, the brunette finally started recording himself and his songs; Ranboo needed to ask for these later.

There was a tapping on their hand, eyes looking down before glancing at Wilbur again. The brunette was signing something to them, '*okay?*' They wouldn't say they were okay but they were better than earlier, at least now he could focus on one thing instead of their eyes tracking each and every movement around them. The two-toned teen nodded once, it was stiff but it was an answer to Wilbur's question. The brunette frowned softly before signing another word, '*follow*'. They nodded again, letting Wilbur lead them where ever he wanted.

Ranboo is pretty sure he remembers Tommy dragging Techno somewhere, leaving Wilbur and Ranboo to their own devices. Which at first, was fine, but the lack of his dad and other brother made them feel way too vulnerable. When they first entered the store he was surrounded by them, protected on all sides, now he only had Wilbur there. They knew Techno and Tommy weren't far away, that they'd be back soon, but his panic sky-rocketed when the two were out of sight.

Wilbur lead him over to a bench by the customer service counter, gently pushing them so they sat down. Ranboo still kept a hold of the brunette's sleeve, his death grip wasn't loosening anytime soon. Wilbur, the saint, sat next to them and placed his hand over their own. His thumb rubbed the back of their hand, giving them something else to focus on. The brunette's sight didn't linger on anything for too long, he even occasionally looked over to check on Ranboo.

They weren't sure how long the two of them sat there, at some point Wilbur pulled out his phone again; most likely texting Techno about Ranboo's freakout. Now that their brain wasn't spinning in circles he realized he freaked out over nothing, well not nothing but something they should have been able to handle. And no doubt Techno would rush over and insist they went back home, he was fine now they didn't need to leave just for them.

Sure enough the pinkette and blonde were jogging over, the two-toned teen huffed as he sat up; having been leaning against his brother while waiting. Techno and Tommy were speaking, Ranboo heard absolutely none of it; Wilbur's music still thrumming through his

brain. The blonde met their eyes before signing out another question, 'are you okay? should we leave?'

"I'm okay, no need to leave. Sorry."

Tommy frowned at their apology but didn't say anything about it, instead he relayed Ranboo's response to Techno and Wilbur since they hadn't been watching the two-toned teen. The two seemed hesitant but after they reassured the two he was okay they eventually continued their shopping experience, this time no one split off from the group. Eventually, Ranboo was able to return Wilbur's earbuds, the noise only somewhat distracting. The rest of the shopping went decently well, nothing else really happened; other than Tommy tripping over a box and face-planting onto the floor, but he was fine so it was okay that Ranboo laughed at him.

Things got worse when they were checking out, Techno was unloading their cart while Tommy and Wilbur re-loaded it; again Ranboo's help was denied because of their knee. Seriously? He could lift the paper towels rolls and some of the lighter bags at least. Instead, they were left leaning against the cart while his family checked out, they were zoning out a bit before a barking noise started up.

The teen glanced around before spotting the tiny dog, they were sitting inside an open pet carrier in the child seat of some lady's cart an aisle over. The dog, a Yorkie, was barking while attempting to escape its confinements. The canine's attention was on them, tail wagging quickly as it pulled against its harness. The lady was attempting to get the small dog to stop barking, shushing them before apologizing to the cashier.

"I am so sorry, I don't know what's gotten into her. I knew I should have brought the muzzle, again I'm terribly sorry."

Their face stung at the mention of a muzzle, hand moving unconsciously to cover the scars across their face even though they were already being hidden by his mask. He shouldn't be so upset over a word, a literal word. The lady wasn't even holding a muzzle, so why was their breathing picking up? They were fine, he just needed to calm down a bit, find something else to focus on other than their thoughts.

"Missy, what has gotten into you today? You need to be quiet sweetheart, shh shh. Missy, sit down."

Ranboo crashed.

He hadn't meant to, the last thing they wanted to do was crumble because someone told them to. The lady wasn't even talking to him, they didn't need to listen, and yet here they were kneeling down on the ground while trying not to cry. Their body automatically acted while he wasn't focused, the command triggering their brain and forcing them to listen. He was trembling, eyes locked on their hands which were clenched tightly on their lap, tears overflowing and landing on the back of his hands. He hated this, it was pathetic, they were better than this. Why weren't they better?

Tommy had been bickering with Wilbur, nudging the brunette or stealing the item he was about to grab just to put it into his own bag. It was all in good fun, everything was perfectly

fine; until it wasn't. He had just dropped one of the bags of frozen food back into the cart, he had glanced up to ask Ranboo some random question but he nearly bit his tongue when he noticed the other's expression. Before he could even ask what was wrong the two-toned teen collapsed, the blonde rushed to their side immediately. Techno and Wilbur not far behind.

Ranboo had their gaze on their lap, body shaking as they started crying. Shit maybe bringing them to a crowded public space so soon wasn't the best idea, he should have suggested somewhere with fewer people. Tommy's hands were hovering, unsure if it would be okay to touch them or not. Only Techno or Phil could touch them when he was like this, anyone else they usually snapped at, and even though Ranboo was wearing a mask didn't mean Tommy was safe from being bit.

"Hey Boo, you're okay. Everything is okay." Techno had moved the cart and crouched in front of his kid, cupping their cheeks and lifting their head until they were looking at him. "See? I'm here, everything is okay. You're safe." The teenager whined before shutting their eyes, the pinkette pulled them close; hand on the back of their head while the other wrapped around them.

"Are they okay? Should I call someone?"

"Thank you but no, we got him."

Techno was grateful Wilbur was able to sound calm even if he was panicking, Techno would have probably snapped at the poor cashier. He dug out his wallet, handed it over to the brunette and told him and Tommy to finish up here while he got Ranboo back to the car. The dual-toned teen clung to him as he maneuvered them until he could lift them, pressing their head into his chest to hopefully help block out the outside world. The pinkette quickly left the building, glaring at anyone who looked at them; sure he didn't need to be so hostile but he didn't want anyone getting close even if it was only to help.

He knew Ranboo wouldn't want to let go anytime soon so instead of trying to pry his kid off of him or force the both of them into a seat, he merely popped the trunk and pushed aside a few miscellaneous items before taking a seat. He was hoping this outing would be a good thing for Ranboo, they should have just left after the first panic attack, maybe then his kid wouldn't be having a breakdown in the back of his car. The teen's hand was clenched around the fabric of his shirt, holding on desperately as if they let go, Techno would disappear. The pinkette's hand ran up and down their back, pressing his face into the two-toned locks of his kid's hair.

After a few minutes, Ranboo's sobbing slowed, now just a few sniffles and hiccups. Their hands released Techno's shirt, shakily raising to sign out an apology which the pinkette shot down instantly.

"Ranboo you don't need to apologize, you didn't do anything wrong." The teen didn't look like they believed him but they also didn't apologize again, so at least there was that. "We'll head home as soon as Wilbur and Tommy get back. I saw Tommy throw a tub of rocky road in the cart earlier, we can just eat that and have a movie marathon tonight, does that sound good?"

The two-toned teen nodded twice, resting their head on his dad's shoulder. They were exhausted, why did panicking take so much energy? He still felt horrible for breaking down right as they were about to leave, who does that? They knew it wasn't their fault but it still felt like it was, that if he was just a bit stronger then they would be okay.

It wasn't much longer until the other two returned with a cart full of bagged groceries, he was a bit upset that they needed to move so the car could be loaded but he didn't complain. Techno shooed them off when they tried to help, really he couldn't even move a bag? They'd only be holding it for a second, surely that wouldn't do anything. Either way, now they were sitting in the backseat, though they weren't alone. Tommy offered to go sit in the car with him, though they guessed it was more about getting out of helping load the car.

The blonde had been sticking around a lot more recently, only leaving for school or when he absolutely had to. Ranboo wasn't complaining though, he enjoyed Tommy's company, like right now. The other teen had offered his hand, just held it out in front of them while looking out the window. They intertwined their hands, Tommy was good at giving silent comfort it also helped he rarely brought attention to the action. Tommy held onto their hand the whole ride home, not even letting go until he had them sat down on the couch and that was just so he could find Enderchest and bring her over to them. The blonde acted more like an older brother than them, and he was the youngest member of their family.

The rest of the night was a lot nicer than the Walmart trip, it was spent sitting on the couch surrounded by his family. Even Niki and Tubbo came over, no one left that night either. Niki had offered to paint everyone's nails, only Wilbur, Tommy, and themself ended up with colorful nails. Wilbur got a calming blue color, Tommy got bright red which was expected, he let Niki pick the color for them which ended up being a dark purple. The three teens and Wilbur ended up passing out on the couch, the other three left for their own rooms. Ranboo only had one nightmare, and it wasn't even that bad! Easy to say one of the best nights they've had; surrounded by family, relaxed, and just generally happy. It felt as if everything that happened earlier just didn't exist, it was nice.

Ranboo hoped this would become a common occurrence in the Craft household.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will be happier I promise, I just need to show that Ranboo is not okay even though he is pretending to be.

I'll give you all a nice fluffy chapter next time, maybe two, to make up for this one~
:D

The Heist

Chapter Summary

Sorry long chapter this time
I got lost in the rhythm and just didn't stop
So you guys get a long chapter this time, with relatively no sad things in it!!
:D

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentioned Panic Attack
Aftermath of Torture
Aftermath of Kidnapping
Cursing
Mentioned Violence
Injury
Over-the-Counter Drug (Advil)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's been a few days since the Walmart fiasco, Ranboo did not like having to explain that one. He considered lying and saying they just had a random panic attack, but he didn't want to lie to the others; he did downplay the situation a bit though. Needless to say, they were no longer being invited out on shopping trips, at least for a while. Which was fine because Ranboo definitely didn't want to go through all that again, he'd probably avoid the building even if they got used to being in public spaces. For now, though they were content to stay home, just hanging out around their family.

Take right now for example; he was currently curled under a blanket and leaning against Wilbur as the brunette strummed his guitar. Wilbur would sing a lyric or two before scribbling on a loose sheet of paper, apparently working on a new song. The man needed to start sharing his music, it was too good to remain solely on his phone; or on Ranboo's. They asked Wilbur to send over the files and the brunette obliged immediately, so now the two-toned teen could listen to Wilbur's music whenever they wanted; they liked listening to the songs as he slept.

"I know that you will be here... no that isn't right."

The brunette was chewing on the end of his pencil as he thought, he was so close to finding the right words. Wilbur huffed, he's been at this for about two hours now and his fingers were starting to cramp. The brunette glanced over at the teen beside him, Ranboo had been peacefully playing some mobile game on their phone while leaning back against Wilbur's side. The teen was a lot clingier nowadays, Wilbur wasn't complaining, if anything he enjoyed it.

Wilbur was an affectionate person, he loved showering his loved ones in physical affection; anything from hugs to just sitting next to someone. When they first got Ranboo back the kid was wary of everything, including touch. The brunette would have to hold himself back from just scooping the tall teen up and into a hug, it was a very difficult urge to fight. Now though Ranboo was actively seeking comfort from all of them, and who was he to deny them of it?

He sighed softly before looking back to his guitar, he could stop playing now but then Ranboo would think he wanted to leave or something; which he didn't. The brunette glanced down at his fingers, they weren't bleeding or anything, he could probably play for another hour or so before having to stop. Plus he needed to finish writing these lyrics, he's been stuck for days.

"One day, I know that you will be... where? No, uh.... there? One day, I know that you will be there... Yeah, that's better, now... One day, I'll think, no, focus on the future, maybe..."

Ranboo was content to listen to the brunette as he muttered song lyrics under his breath while they tapped on their phone screen, trying to get a tiny pixel bird past some pipes for an unknown reason. It didn't really matter if the game had a story or plot, it was keeping them fairly entertained and that's what was important. He glanced up when the front door opened, they could feel Wilbur shift to look as well. In the doorway stood a very worn-out looking Tubbo, he slipped off his shoes before dropping his book bag on the floor.

"I'm home."

The brunette sighed out before heading towards the couch, towards the two still sitting on said couch. Tubbo didn't ask either to move, instead he merely lifted Ranboo's legs before dropping onto the cushion; the two-toned teen's legs now laying on his lap.

"Rough day?"

Tubbo groaned, throwing his head back dramatically.

"Oh, you wouldn't believe it! So I get there right, and the second I walk through the door the teacher just shoves a packet at me. The thing must have been the size of one of Techno's novels. Anyway, she hands me this huge packet, and I'm like; 'what's this for?' And she goes; 'this is for not showing up to class for almost a month.' And I'm like 'what?' Like Phil literally talked to this lady and told her we had family issues and to not fail me or Tommy because of it. He even had the school send the work to me and Tommy's house! But this teacher was like 'I don't care, my class my rules.' So now I have a massive packet that needs to be done by tomorrow or else she gives me a big fat F."

The brunette was gesturing around as he spoke, and when he was done he let them land on the two-toned teen's legs with a huff. Tubbo then looked to Wilbur, eyes begging for something.

"Oh hell no, I'm not doing your classwork for you. And don't ask Ranboo to do it either, I know you've been bribing them with MnM's."

The brunette teen puffed out his cheeks, crossing his arms across his chest and pushing himself against the back of the couch. Tubbo was grumbling about having to do the 'insanely big' packet and how he would be getting little to no sleep that night because his teacher decided to be a 'bitch'. Ranboo went back to tapping his screen, they didn't really mind helping Tubbo with his homework. The work kept them focused and was fairly easy to complete, Tubbo didn't have to do his work and they got MnM's out of it. So who was the real winner here?

"Wait, why is it so quiet? Where's Tommy?"

"Oh, he got detention for picking a fight again."

Wilbur paused his strumming, glancing over at Tubbo with a raised eyebrow. "Again? It hasn't even been a week since either of you were back, why is he picking fights?" The teen frowned, playing with the hem of his sleeve. It was obvious he was either uncomfortable or nervous, maybe both.

"Well, technically he didn't start the fight this other kid did, Tommy was just the first to throw a punch. The guy deserved it though, some other kids were wondering where we've been and stuff so me and Tommy tell them that we were gone because of family issues. Then this one guy, I don't remember his name but he looked like a Chad, anyway Chad says we are lying and that we just went on vacation or something. Obviously, we disagreed, Tommy mentioned that it was a family emergency thing and that our sibling was hurt, we didn't go into detail or anything so don't worry about that. But then Chad goes on and says, 'I bet your sibling is just faking it.' and then Tommy punched him. I was going to punch him as well but then a teacher came in and broke up the fight, Tommy did break the guy's nose though so that was cool."

The elder brunette sighed, he didn't want to have to tell Phil or Techno about this but knowing Tommy the blonde would come home bragging about his 'victory', even if he didn't win anything. It would be worse if the school called here, the two teens may technically live under his roof but any important shit gets sent to Phil and Techno. And if either of them had to go and have some meeting, well he would feel bad for whoever the principal was.

"So he got put in the slammer for defending Ranboo's honor?"

All heads turned towards the hall at the sound of a new voice, Technoblade was leaning against the doorframe. He was sipping a cup of coffee, reading glasses perched on his nose, and a book in his free hand. The pinkette probably just finished reading and was coming to replace the completed book with a new one.

"It's not jail Techno."

"It's kid jail, same thing. Anyway, are we breaking him out or not? Because if we are I need to change, can't break someone out of prison while in pajamas."

The two teens had to hold in their laughter, though Ranboo did wheeze a bit. Wilbur sighed as he shook his head, the pinkette was supposed to be the voice of reason here, not actively encouraging the behavior. There was no way they were breaking Tommy out of detention.



They were breaking Tommy out of detention.

Wilbur groaned as he leaned back in the driver's seat, he was always the getaway driver for some reason; probably because he was the best at sweet-talking any traffic officers when they were stopped. Right now though he was parked outside of the local high school, helping his boss and two of his brothers break out the third brother. How did his life get to this point?

Tubbo dragged Ranboo through the empty halls, pointing out his and Tommy's classes, explaining which class' teachers were cool and who were 'wrong'un's' as Tommy called them. Techno got put on distraction duty, going to the office to 'talk' with whoever was in charge at the time. That left Tubbo and Ranboo to actually free Tommy from detention, it would probably help if Ranboo knew which class Tommy was supposed to be in. For now, though he'd have to follow after Tubbo.

They were kind of excited to see where the two went to school, Ranboo never did well in public schools instead they took online courses which worked fine for him. But being in a school again was weird, and with it, barren of students made it even stranger; like they weren't supposed to be there. Technically they weren't but still, not the point. Tubbo paused in a hallway, pointing towards one of the closed doors.

"Theseus should be in there, that Chad guy is probably also in there. A teacher should also be in there, mostly to make sure no one fights or leaves. I'm not sure if anyone else is serving time but we can't help them, for now, our focus is on Theseus."

The dual-colored teen nodded, they weren't sure how well this plan was thought out but it was entertaining nonetheless.

"Okay I'll rush in, deck Chad; as a distraction, not just because I want to. Then I'll get Theseus and we'll get the fuck out of here. You're going to be on lookout, just make sure our escape route is clear. You got that Lethe?"

He was still getting used to that name, don't get them wrong they loved it but sometimes he forgot it was his name and in turn didn't always respond; he was getting better at that though. The taller teen nodded, it seemed like a simple plan, one that would surely not go wrong.

It went wrong.

The three were currently sprinting down the halls as an angry teacher and Chad chased after them, all of their shoes were squeaking against the floor as they ran. Once Tubbo burst through the door he immediately punched a guy before yelling at Tommy to 'let's get the fuck

out of here!" Then the two were sprinting towards Ranboo, grabbing onto him as they ran past, effectively dragging them behind the two.

"Do you think any classrooms will still be unlocked?!"

The blonde had to yell to be heard over the pounding footsteps and harsh breathing, Tubbo shrugged in reply, Ranboo had no input since you know, he doesn't go here. Tommy huffed, leading them down another hallway before trying to open random classroom doors. Out of the five doors, they tried none were unlocked, the two teens cursed silently before grabbing onto the taller teen's hands once more.

"We can't get out until Techno gives us the all-clear, the front doors are locked and need to be opened from the office."

"Well, we can't keep running around in circles and hope Mrs. Adams and Chad cut us off!"

"Chad?"

"Yeah that's what I've been calling him, I can't remember his name so it's now Chad."

Was really the time to discuss any of this? The three had been trying almost any door they could get to, none had opened. Ranboo was starting to believe they weren't going to magically find an unlocked classroom anytime soon, and as Tubbo mentioned after the tenth locked door; 'we can't waste time picking any locks or we'll get caught.' So they continued running, checking more doors, and losing more hope at each locked door.

It was when they swerved into another empty hallway things got worse, they couldn't have been running more than twenty minutes by now which really wasn't that long. And yet Ranboo's knee disagreed, buckling mid-sprint. They didn't faceplant thankfully, Tommy and Tubbo reacted quickly and kept them mostly upright with their connected hands.

"Shit, you alright big guy?"

The two-toned teen nodded at Tommy's question, putting all his weight on their right leg. This was the worse time for his leg to give out.

"Is it your knee?" At the taller teen's nod, Tubbo hissed out a breath. "Okay, and I'm guessing you can't walk on it?" Ranboo attempted to put weight on the limb but quickly regretted it when pain shot up from it, a whine escaping them as they shook his head. "Shit okay, uh.... the nurse's office! Ms. Robin always stays late, her office should be open!"

"Yeah issue there bossman, that's like two hallways over and we are currently being chased by a crazy teacher and a pissed-off wrong'un."

Tommy had a point, they were already wasting time standing around. But with Ranboo being unable to run it didn't leave them with much of a choice.

"Okay, you get Boo to the nurse's office while I get our pursuers off your backs. Once you get to the nurse's office text Techno and get him to come get us, don't worry about me the worst they can do is suspend me which honestly would be kind of nice."

Tubbo smirked to himself before running off, not waiting to hear the other two's replies. Tommy grumbled but didn't try chasing after the brunette, he instead slipped under his sibling's arm and help take some of their weight. Ranboo was way too light, Tommy could probably carry them easily if he wanted; it would be extremely awkward though since the dual-colored teen was way too tall. So for now he'd just be a crutch for them, it kind of was his fault any of this happened; if he didn't punch that guy then none of them would be here right now.

Getting to the nurse's office was fairly easy, Tommy hadn't seen Tubbo or the two who had been chasing them. Which either meant Tubbo led them away from the nurse's station or he got caught and hauled back to the main office. The lights were still on thankfully when he tested the door it swung open easily. He helped Ranboo hobble over to one of the cots, getting them to sit down while he closed the door and looked around the room.

"Okay, we should be okay to hide here." Tommy glanced over to the other teen, frowning to himself before looking around the room again. "I think Ms. Robin has a mini freezer in here somewhere, if I find it we can get some ice for your knee."

"I'm okay."

"Yeah not buying it Boo-boy, now where did she hide it."

Tommy didn't end up getting Ranboo some ice, not because he couldn't find the freezer, no instead another person walked into the room. The lady paused in the doorway while glancing from one teen to the other, she frowned as she closed the door behind her.

"Mr. Innte, can I ask why you and your... friend here are in my office after school hours?"

The blonded stuttered, trying to think up an excuse. His eyes landed on Ranboo before he was hit with an idea, putting on the most pitiful face he could pull he looked at the nurse.

"Ranboo here," Tommy gestured to the taller teen who glared over at the blonde, they did not want to get in trouble for this. "Hurt their leg a bit ago and I was just looking for some ice, I really hope you don't mind."

"You can drop the act Mr. Innte-"

"But it's not an act! I swear I was just looking for some ice, and he needed somewhere to sit down that's not just the hallway floor. Do you know how dirty those things are? The janitor sucks at his job-"

The nurse pinched the bridge of her nose as Tommy went on a spiel about the cleanliness of the school, and how they needed to sanitize the whole building. Her gaze moved from the blonde to instead fall on the two-toned teen sitting on one of her cots, she couldn't tell if they were actually hurt or playing along with Tommy's bit.

"Ranboo was it?"

The dual-colored teen flinched but nodded silently, eyes looking over to their brother as if they were scared he wouldn't be there. Tommy did come closer until he was standing right next to them, leg leaning up against their own; it helped ease the discomfort of a stranger being around.

"Well, Ranboo can you tell me how exactly you hurt your knee?"

They glanced back to Tommy, unsure how to explain anything to her without speaking. The blonde seemed to understand the dilemma, vaguely explaining how Ranboo got injured; some made-up story of falling out of a tree. The nurse, Ms. Robin, bought it though so that's what counts.

"Well I can take look at it, then we can get you some ice and maybe some painkillers." She took a step forward and Ranboo tensed, the blonde at their side took a step forward as if to block them from view. Ms. Robin paused, eyebrows furrowing as she looked at them in confusion and concern. "I just want to make sure no one needs a trip to the hospital okay? I'll be quick and it'll barely hurt."

Tommy glanced from the nurse back to Ranboo, if they didn't want this person close then he'd make sure Ms. Robin didn't get any closer. To his surprise his sibling took a breath before looking up at them, giving a single nod. He backed down immediately, still sticking close just in case. Ms. Robin approached again, Ranboo was still stiff but remained where he was. The nurse pointed to their knee, asking if this was the one that hurt, which they answered with a nod.

Ms. Robin prodded around their leg gently, glancing up occasionally to check for any reactions. Sure some places she touched hurt but it wasn't that bad so they barely reacted, though that quickly changed when she poked a certain spot. The two-toned teen hissed, curling into themselves a bit. Tommy moved at his side, ready to defend his brother from a school nurse.

"Okay, good news looks like you just strained your leg a bit too much. Some ice and pain killers should help with the soreness, but you should keep your weight off of it for a while, at least until the general soreness goes away."

As the nurse spoke she walked around before digging around in that elusive freezer for an ice pack, once she found one she pulled it out and wrapped it in a towel before handing it over to the blonde. Tommy took it before passing it to the other teen who gratefully accepted it, they held it to their knee waiting for the cold to spread from the towel to his pants and then finally their knee.

"These should help too, it's just basic Advil so if you don't have any at home you can easily pick some up."

Ms. Robin then handed over two pills and a bottle of water, the two-toned teen balanced the ice pack on their knee before accepting the offered items. Now came the hard part, they really didn't want to remove the mask to take these. He'd be fine if they were home but now? In front of a stranger? One who would surely question how they got them? Yeah no, he'd really rather not. Thankfully they didn't need to.

The door swung open, making all three occupants in the room jump. All eyes landed on a distressed-looking Technoblade, by his side stood Tubbo who looked relatively calmer.

"I got Techno."

The pinkette's eyes landed on the two teens, eye flicking to the ice pack on Ranboo's knee before looking over to the nurse who just looked back in confusion and slight fear.

"Is Ranboo okay?"

Ms. Robin nodded, unsure how to respond to this man who just burst into her office. Technoblade nodded in return before heading towards the two teens, Tubbo on his heels. The brunette gave a cheery 'hi Ms. Robin!' with a wave before plopping down on the cot beside the taller teen. Tommy explained how they were running and how Ranboo's leg buckled, then how they got to the nurse's office.

"Well I got everything settled up front, we can go home now."

All three teens nodded, the brunette slid off the cot before holding out a hand for Ranboo's water bottle. The two-toned teen handed it over in slight confusion, though his unsaid question was answered when the pinkette held out his arms. His dad was offering to carry them, while somewhat embarrassing it was also the smart option.

The walk back to the car was quick, Mrs. Adams and Chad glared at them from behind the glass windows of the office. Ranboo couldn't help but snicker when Tommy turned to flip them off, Tubbo was soon laughing as well. They got halfway home before Tubbo suggested picking Niki up from the bakery, saying they should order pizza, hang out, and just play Mario Kart all night. Both Wilbur and Techno agreed and the next thing Ranboo knew they were pulling into the parking lot in front of the bakery.

They didn't want to be left in the car, he missed the bakery and its calming atmosphere. Plus they wanted a muffin, he forgot to eat something this morning can you blame him for being a bit hungry? Thankfully Techno kept a spare set of crutches in the trunk and just never bothered to take them out, so now all five of them were walking into a mostly empty bakery.

The bell chimed above them, Ranboo forgot how nice that little bell sounded. The place looked basically the same; no tables were moved around, the counter display still had rows of sweet treats, there was even that one wall that had been painted a slightly lighter color. Someone who was behind the counter stopped what they had been doing, wiping down the counter with a rag, and looked up to greet the new customers.

"Hello and welcome to Just Desserts, is there anything I can help yo-"

The person paused halfway through the word 'you', Ranboo wasn't sure why though. They glanced up and froze as well, now understanding just why the person stopped speaking.

"Ranboo?"

Chapter End Notes

Wonder who recognized Ranboo?

Huh, it's a mystery!

:D

Relations

Chapter Summary

The moment you all waited for!!

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Quackity
Aftermath of Torture
Aftermath of Kidnapping
Cursing
Arguing/Yelling
Mentions of Wound/Injury

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Hello and welcome to Just Desserts, is there anything I can help yo-"

The person paused halfway through the word 'you', Ranboo wasn't sure why though. They glanced up and froze as well, now understanding just why the person stopped speaking.

"Ranboo?"

The rag dropped out of the person's hand, the cloth landing on the countertop. Neither of them moved, the four by the two-toned teen's side grew tense. None of the others knew this person, yet this stranger knew their family member and it looked like Ranboo recognized them as well. Techno moved first, taking a step in front of his kid to break the staring contest that was going on. He'd assume the worst just in case, he didn't need someone picking a fight with his family.

"Who are you?!"

Leave it to the boisterous blonde to be the first to break the silence. Tommy took a step forward, puffing up his chest while resting his hands on his hips. His eyes looked the stranger up and down with a sneer, they looked like a wrong'un. Curly brown hair that looked as if it was a pain to brush, their eyes were hidden behind a pair of black shades, almost every fingernail was painted a different color, Yeah definitely a wrong'un.

"Who are you?"

The person replied, a frown crossing their face. They took a few steps forward, stopping a few feet in front of him. Tommy was not a fan of this person, they were way too tall; not as tall as Ranboo, Techno, or Wilbur but still taller than himself and Tubbo.

"I asked you first!"

"Well, I asked you second."

The blonde huffed, he really didn't like this person. Tommy glanced back to see Ranboo attempting to look past Techno's blocky frame with little success seeing as Tubbo and Wilbur stood on either side of them, blocking the teen between them all in a weird triangle shape.

"If you must know I'm the biggest man alive! Aside from Philza Craft, but that's beside the point. How do you know Ranboo, huh? A stalker perhaps? One of that bastard's buddies? A mysterious sibling we had no idea about? Or maybe-"

A sharp whistle cut the blonde off, all heads turning to look at a frowning Ranboo.

"It's fine, calm down."

Tommy turned back to look at the stranger, they looked over at his family in confusion; or well he'd assume it was confusion since it was hard to tell with those bitch boy glasses. The dual-colored teen squeezed between Wilbur and Technoblade, only stopping when their dad placed a hand on their shoulder; keeping him from moving forward anymore. Ranboo gave an awkward wave to the stranger, the other returning it slowly.

"So Boo... Who're your friends?"

The blonde bristled, who did this fucker think they were? Referring to his sibling as if they were close, he was about to speak his mind but stopped at Wilbur's voice.

"I got you." The brunette turned his attention to Ranboo's hands as they signed, Tubbo going to hold the crutches steady so they wouldn't fall. "Uh okay, 'This is Wilbur, that's Tommy, this is Tubbo, and Techno.'" At each name Wilbur paused so Ranboo could point to the correct person, the stranger's head turned to each person before looking back to Ranboo.

"Uh... Nice to meet you all? But uh, why does Ranboo have crutches, and has yet to say anything?"

"You don't need to know that." Tubbo was the one to speak up now, eyes glaring at the stranger in front of them. He glanced over at Ranboo as the two-toned teen signed something at him. "You don't need to tell them anything Boo, they don't need to know."

"Actually I think I kind of do, pretty sure it's kind of my job to know what my own little brother has been up to these past few months."

Wait... brother?

All eyes landed on Ranboo who shrunk a bit at the attention, he really thought they mentioned this before.

"Uh.... yeah this is E R E T, my older sibling. Oh and any pronouns."

The four's gaze then locked onto the stranger or well Eret. Eret straightened at the attention, frown on their face as they looked between the four.

"So I'm just going to outright ask but are you holding my baby sibling against his will? The whole talking for them thing is making me think you have something on him. Plus the crutches, that's not helping convince me."

"What?! Fuck no! We would never! Right Ranboo?" Tommy looked back to his brother who nodded in return, he then turned back to this Eret fellow. "See! Ranboob here is perfectly safe and happy."

"That just made me even more concerned. Ranboo can you come over here for a second?"

Before the two-toned teen could even take a step arms wrapped around their midsection and pulled him back into a warm chest, glancing over revealed Wilbur's face over their shoulder. Techno and Tubbo each took a step to block between himself and Eret, Tommy glared before stepping forward until he was a few inches away from the shaded brunette.

"Yeah, that's not happening, even if you are who you say you are we don't know you. This could be some ploy to get them close and take them hostage, not falling for that buddy."

Ranboo wasn't sure how to explain their family's overprotectiveness while Eret couldn't understand ASL, and having one of the others translate just made her suspicions grow. But lucky someone must have been listening to their prayers because just as it seemed Tommy and Eret would fight, out from the back room came Niki. The small pinkette froze when everyone's eyes landed on her, hands pausing from wiping flour off of herself.

"Uh, is this a bad time or?"

"Niki! Great explain to this bitch that we are not keeping Ranboo against their will!"

"Ms. Nihachu! Please call the police."

Niki glanced between Eret and Tommy before looking over to the small group by the door, eyebrow raising as a frown pulled at her lips. She huffed before walking forward, past the brunette and blonde, stopping in front of Techno and Tubbo.

"Move aside, you're blocking the door. And Wilbur let go of Ranboo, Eret won't hurt them okay?"

"But-"

"Do any of you really think I would hire someone without running background checks?" No one replied, Wilbur, did end up releasing the teen though. Niki smiled sweetly before turning

to look at Eret and Tommy. "Now, how about we all go sit down and have a nice long chat hmm?"

No one argued, shuffling over to one of the larger booths. Ranboo was sat between Tommy and Tubbo, Techno on Tubbo's side while Wilbur was on Tommy's. Niki sat next to Eret, the shaded brunette was frowning and glancing between Niki and the group. The pinkette offered Ranboo her order notebook and a pen, who gratefully took it.

"Okay first things first; this is Eret Belvoi, yes they are biologically related to Ranboo. I hired Eret a few days ago and haven't had the time to let any of you know, for that I am sorry. Eret, these people are close friends of mine, we are practically family at this point."

"Okay, so what does this have to do with Ran?"

"Well, Ranboo worked here for a while and got close to all of us. Some things happened, it's Ranboo's choice to tell you or not but I do suggest doing this in a less public place. If you're up for it perhaps one of us can ask Phil if we can bring home a guest for our hangout?"

The dual-colored teen nodded, scribbling out a reply before holding it up.

'I'd like that, as long as everyone else is fine with it.'

"I'll message Phil, I doubt he will mind. Not's like he was cooking or anything, got a favorite pizza topping Eret?"

The shaded brunette glanced from the notebook to Technoblade, eyebrow raising slightly. "Uh anything is fine, I'm not picky." She watched the pinkette shrug before pulling out his phone, tapping away on the device silently.

"So how old are you Eret? You have to be older than Ranboo right?"

"Uh yeah, twenty-five. I'm a bit older than Ranboo, about eight years now right?"

The two-toned teen nodded at their sibling's words, she smiled warmly at them.

"Ranboo hasn't said much about his family, rarely anything actually."

Tubbo asked innocently, leaning his elbows on the table so he was closer. The blonde beside Ranboo 'borrowed' the teen's pen to scribble dicks on the notebook page, the dual-colored teen just watched him with a sigh.

"Uh yeah, I wouldn't have expected them to. Our family isn't the greatest, to put it simply I was basically the one raising Ranboo and our younger siblings instead of our parents. Well until I was kicked out, but that's a different story."

"Oh."

Tubbo was regretting asking now, especially seeing his beloved now curling into themself after the question. The brunette reached over, holding his hand palm up for the other teen to

take if they wanted to. Ranboo glanced at the hand before wrapping his own around Tubbo's, trying to express their grateful smile without taking off his mask.

"I really do need to ask this though, Boo why aren't you saying anything?"

The two-toned teen glanced at their sibling, using his free hand to steal the pen back from Tommy. Ignoring the blonde's protest they wrote down a very brief explanation, holding it up to show the others.

'I got beat up by a duck twice, turns out my brain couldn't handle that and decided I shouldn't talk anymore. It's fine though, I'm over it.'

Wilbur, Tommy, and Tubbo all had to hold back their laughter, they all knew the teen was being sarcastic and making light of the situation. Eret just read over the note before glancing up at her brother, having to reread the note a few more times in an attempt to understand.

"A duck? What? You can't talk?"

Ranboo nodded again, handing the pen back to Tommy who snatched it before drawing a picture of Ranboo with the tagline of 'Ranbitch'. They weren't offended, he knew the blonde wasn't actively being mean or anything, this was just how he showed his love.

"Phil said it was fine, he's already ordered the pizza so if we leave now it'll be there when we get home." Heads turned to look at Techno, the pinkette was focused on his phone before glancing up when he felt eyes on him. "Gremlin one and Wilbur can ride with Niki, I'll take Gremlin two and Ranboo, Eret can follow after one of us."

The shaded brunette looked like he wanted to argue but she didn't get the chance to, everyone getting up and preparing to leave. They'd rather have Ranboo ride with her but the teen followed after Techno, the pinkette slowing to wait for the two-toned teen.

She'd been extremely confused, meeting up with their younger sibling at his new job was strange but not unwelcome. Seeing Ranboo surrounded by four intimidating strangers was concerning, and then the teen wasn't saying anything? Of course, he'd grow worried, that's her baby brother! Plus they had crutches, what happened? Now he was going to be following these people to their home for answers, she could only hope they weren't just leading him to her death.

Eret didn't really think they would kill him, seeing as Ranboo was hanging around them and that kid was a social wreck. She had lost contact with the dual-colored teen a few months ago, their messages and calls just stopped going through one day. So they did what any other sibling would do, she went to find Ranboo. They had told him about the city they were living in, about the bakery, and new friends which Eret could guess were these people.

Now she just needed to follow after the group to wherever and demand answers. They would find out what happened to his sibling, one way or another.

Some of y'all guessed right, which I say;; Good Job!!
Now I wonder how the Syndicate will break the news that Ranboo is no longer just
Belvoi but instead Belvoi-Craft.
That'll be fun~

Updates will probably slow from now on, not horribly so but no more daily updates~
I've been hit with inspiration for another fic ((I know, how crazy right?))
So I'll probably be focusing on that more, plus I want to work more on DTS again.
Anyway hope you all enjoyed the chapter!!

Miscommunication

Chapter Summary

Self-Promotion time!!::

Ayo, I wrote this live on my discord!!

If you want exclusive content and the chance to help with this and my other fics,
Think about joining!!

I swear we are all nice and it's lots of fun!!

Anyway, self-promotion over, enjoy the chapter!!

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Mentions of Quackity

Mentions of Wounds/Injuries

Yelling/Arguing

Cursing

Mentions of Death/Murder

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In retrospect maybe it wasn't the best idea for Eret to just blindly follow these strangers to their home, or let her little sibling go with them. But now the brunette was parked on the side of the road outside a normal suburban home, it didn't scream 'serial killers' or 'kidnappers' so that was nice. Then again there was that old saying 'never judge a book by its cover', so with that logic, these people could still be extremely dangerous.

Exiting her car Eret glanced over to the other two vehicles and their occupants; one was parked in the driveway while the other was parked right behind the first. The first to exit either car was the blonde teenager, she didn't really like this guy. He was loud, aggressive, and confrontational; the complete opposite of Ranboo. Honestly, they weren't sure why his baby brother hung around someone like that, well unless they were forced which knowing Ranboo was a believable option.

Wilbur and Niki were the next ones to exit one of the cars, both following after the energetic blonde as they headed towards the other car. Techno exited the vehicle as well, but he moved towards the trunk.

Eret wasn't sure what to think of this bunch, they were definitely a strange group. First, you had Techno, a large intimidating man with long pink hair; Eret wasn't sure if that added to his aura of danger or not. Wilbur looked like a nice guy, someone she could see himself getting along with, but there was also this look in his eye that just felt like he was staring into you instead of at you. Tommy, well he acted like any typical teenage boy trying to prove himself, but he also held concern in his eyes whenever he looked over at her sibling. Tubbo, he was the most mysterious to Eret, they couldn't get a read on the younger brunette. And Niki was just the sweet bakery owner who is also his boss now, needless to say, they didn't expect someone like the pinkette to hang around in such a ragtag group.

The brunette made their way towards the group, watching how they interacted with one another. Once closer they got to watch Techno hand over a pair of crutches to Ranboo while both Tubbo and Tommy were on either side of the dual-colored teen in case they fell. After her brother was situated Eret got to overhear a very confusing conversation.

"So are we doing the 'Steve Protocol' again?"

"What do you think Tommy?"

"Well sorry for asking Tubbo! I just wanted to make sure I was ready for a mass of fur tackling us!"

'Mass of fur'? 'Steve Protocol'? What were these two even talking about? Eret got his answers a few moments later when Techno went to open the front door. Instead of opening it as you know, a normal person, he instead flung it open before crouching as if he was going to catch a football. Before she could even ask any of the others what was going on there was the sound of quickly approaching footsteps, a bit too quick to be human. And then a literal 'white mass of fur' was full-on crashing into the pinkette who in turn wrapped his arms around the creature.

The white mass was squirming and whining, wait that was a dog. The dog's tail was wagging so quickly it look like a blur, legs dangling as Techno stood up with the canine still in his hold. Was this the 'Steve Protocol', and if it was is Steve the dog? Looking over the furball it was obvious to see they weren't being aggressive, overly excited yes but not aggressive.

"Got him."

The group then started entering the home, motioning for the shaded brunette to follow after them. Techno took up the rear, still holding onto the dog like they weighed nothing at all; how strong was this guy? The next few moments weren't really shocking per se but they were definitely abnormal.

Ranboo plopped onto the sofa, Tommy taking their crutches back to the front door so Techno could put them back in his car later. Instead of sitting down next to the two-toned teen, Tubbo sat on one of the armrests, Tommy soon sitting on the opposite one. Ranboo sighed before giving a thumbs up, the signal for Techno to release Steve which is what he did.

Steve wasted no time bounding over and hopping onto the couch, crawling onto the teen's lap as his tail smack the couch cushions hard enough to make a 'thump' sound. The dog was

whining happily as he attempted to lick any available skin he could reach, which was mostly just Ranboo's hands as they tried to give the dog affection.

"I see that once again Steve has welcomed you guys home before I could."

All eyes landed on the blonde as he spoke, standing in the doorway to the kitchen. Phil was wearing that hat again, Ranboo still wasn't sure why his dad insisted on wearing the striped hat, then again Ranboo wore Hawaiian shirts so he couldn't really talk. They'd have to try and hide the thing later, maybe bury it in one of the hall closets or out in Carl's barn.

"It's because you're getting o-"

"Finish that sentence Wilbur and I will burn every single beanie you own."

Needless to say, Wilbur did not in fact finish that sentence, he did glare at Tommy when the blonde teen laughed at him. Techno plopped down next to the two-toned teen, arm going across the back of the couch with his hand resting against the back of Ranboo's neck, the other buried itself into Steve's white fur. His eyes focused on the brunette sitting in one of the armchairs, they weren't sure how to deal with this situation.

Phil, the saint he is, thankfully took charge and led the conversation. "So Eret right?" At the brunette's nod, he continued. "It's nice to meet you, my name is Philza but please just call me Phil."

"It's nice to meet you, Phil."

Eret shook the man's hand when offered, Phil seemed like a pretty friendly guy which is a lot better than what she was expecting. The blonde then took a seat on the couch as well, on their brother's other side. Which was a bit weird, he would have sat next to Ranboo if it wasn't for the pinkette who was currently glaring at her.

There were two things Techno could easily say he was bad at and those two things were; origami and social interactions. It also didn't help that he had what some would call a 'resting bitch face'. But he was trying okay, this was his kid's sibling which meant he had to be somewhat nice to them or risk Ranboo's wrath. He's seen what the kid can do when vengeful, Wilbur's eyebrows took weeks to grow back after the kid shaved them off all over a can of soda. Techno liked his eyebrows so he'd be nice to Eret, not that he would have been mean to her if they weren't related to his kid.

"Well we should probably just rip the bandaid off, Eret have you heard of the Syndicate?"

"You mean the mafia group right? Like the one, even the government is scared of?"

Technoblade had to hold back his instinctual laugh at that, the government should be scared of them they could take down the united states government at any moment within only a few days. Phil smiled at Eret's comment though, nodding in reply.

"Yup them, well we-" The blonde gestured around the room. "-are them."

The room was silent for a few seconds, eyes all focused on the shaded brunette and her reaction. Eret was still before cackling, throwing their head back as they clutched his stomach.

"Oh my gods, you can't be serious!" When no one else joined in on the laughter his own fell, eye searching for any sign this was some big joke or something. Everyone else looked so serious, all watching him. It was then they paled, blood running cold. "Oh my gods... you're serious."

"Yup."

The brunette held a hand over their mouth, eye flicking around as they noticed the odd seating arrangement. On either side of her was a person, Niki and Wilbur, the brunette being the one closer to the door as if to block them off from the exit. The two teens sat on the armrests of the couch, each perched in a way that it would take less than a second to be standing. Techno and Phil were both seated on the couch, looking like they were simply relaxing but they emitted a feeling of power and control. And sitting smack-dab in the middle was Ranboo, her baby sibling, still petting the white dog who had now calmed and was simply resting on their lap.

He needed to get their brother away from these people, why didn't she call the police at the bakery?! They should have listened to their gut over Niki, his boss was a member of the mafia!

"I'm sure the stories you've heard paint us in a bad light but I can assure you we truly aren't like other families. And just in case let me answer a few questions you are probably thinking about right now; No we won't kill you, no we won't hurt you, and yes we kill people but only if they deserve it."

None of that really helped Eret feel at ease or even a tad bit comforted, if anything it just amped up their fear. Is this why Ranboo was using crutches? Because these people hurt them? And the whole talking thing, was that caused by the Syndicate too? Now she definitely needed to get her little sibling away from these murderers.

"Hey Boo, how about you write out what you want to tell Eret since I don't think they will trust our translations."

The dual-toned teen glanced up at Phil, having been watching Steve instead of their sibling. He gave a single nod before looking over to Techno as the pinkette fished out the notebook Niki lent them, handing it over with the matching pen. As Ranboo scratched away at the paper they listened closely to the conversation around them. He didn't think either side would start to fight, at least not physically, they did expect a bit of yelling or arguing which is exactly what was happening.

"Give me one good reason to not call the police right this second!"

"Because they won't come, whole section should know not to show up at our house after the last fiasco."

Ranboo winced at that memory, their dad's hand gave a comforting squeeze at the back of their neck. None of them really talked about what happened that day, it was kind of just swept under the rug and everyone pretended it didn't happen, even with the leftover proof. Like the new front door, one with an extra chain lock at the top, the motion-detecting floodlights, the doorbell security camera, the literal brand carved into his chest, and they could go on but the point was that even if no one talked about it there were small things that brought the memory of that day to the forefront of everyone's mind.

"You bribed the police?! That's it! We're leaving, Ranboo let's go!"

Their head snapped up, eyes wide as they watched his sibling stand up. The two-toned teen didn't move though, why did he have to leave he lived here? Sure they didn't want Eret to leave but they could see her starting to freak out, they could always talk to him another day when things aren't as hectic.

"Boo, come on!"

Ranboo shook their head with a slight frown, they understood Eret was probably just concerned over them but still he wasn't just going to leave. No one was jumping up to intervene yet, holding back and waiting.

"Ranboo! We are leaving now, I don't want you around these people!"

Eret took a step forward and everything went from bad to worse, everyone seemed to move in sync. Everyone, with the exception of Ranboo, was standing defensively. Then the yelling started.

"They aren't leaving!"

"Yes, we are! I'm not sticking around with a bunch of murderers!"

"Oi! We aren't!"

"He literally just said you kill people! That makes you guys a bunch of killers!"

"Eret!"

Everyone paused, head snapping over to look at Ranboo. The two-toned teen had stood, his one leg lifted slightly so it wasn't holding his weight. They were glaring at the shaded brunette, Eret's eyebrows were raised while her eyes were wide. Meanwhile, the others in the room were freaking out, no one dared to move. Their family member was pissed, which wasn't a normal emotion for Ranboo, he obviously wasn't as angry as they had been with Quackity but still, the teen just wasn't one who expressed anger much.

"Ranboo I-"

"Enough."

Ranboo pointed with the pen, motioning for their sibling to sit back down. Eret, still somewhat in shock, backed up and took a seat again. The teen huffed before falling back onto

the couch, they were definitely getting to choose the movie for tonight after all this.

"Now, where were we?"

Chapter End Notes

Updates will be sporadic for a while.

I've been sick with a cold and I'm trying to push past a nasty writer's block currently.

I'm not putting Pog on hiatus or anything like that,

I just need to update some other fics,

cough DTS & Fishboo *cough*

So I should focus on those for a little bit too.

:D

Also in case, anyone was confused::

Ranboo did speak this chapter, the bolded words are how I will portray when Ranboo speaks while italics are for when they sign, and underline is written.

Hope this helps!~

Epitome

Chapter Summary

Recap Episode time!

:]

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Quackity
Mentions of Torture
Mentions of Kidnapping
Mentions of Wounds/Injuries
Mentions of Dehumanization
Mentions of Branding
Mentions of Gaslighting
Mentions of Death/Murder
Mentions of Manipulation
Mentions of Abandonment
Mentions of Electrocution
Mentions of Conditioning
Cursing
Mentions of Gambling (Moderate; Russian Roulette)
Mentions of Suicide (Minor; Russian Roulette)
Mentions of Hospitals
Mentions of Implied Abuse
Mentions of Drug Use (Medically Prescribed)
Mentions of Violence
Mentions of Burns
Mentions of Restraints
Mentions of Bile
Mentions of Self Harm (Very Minor)

((Very brief summary in the end notes))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Now, where were we?"

After the two siblings took their seats the rest of the family was quick to follow, returning to their previous positions. Everyone was waiting on Ranboo to start the conversation, no one daring to say anything just yet.

"First off, no one is leaving until everything is explained. Second, no one is going to be yelling at each other. And finally, there will be no fighting, at all. No matter what."

His words were translated by the blonde at his side, the teen nodding along to assure Eret that these were the exact words Ranboo was saying. The brunette seemed unsure, mouth set in a thin line. She sighed before running a hand through their hair before resting his elbows on his knees, hands steepled in front of her.

"Okay, I'll hear you out. But after that, if I still think this is dangerous we are leaving. No if's, and's, or buts."

That seemed fair, though the two-toned teen wasn't expecting to leave; honestly, they didn't want to. This was their home now, quite literally, his apartment was probably already rented out again so without the Craft household they'd be homeless; which would not be fun. Still, he nodded, willing to give their sibling a bit of reassurance.

"One more thing." Everyone's eyes were on the teen's hands, Ranboo paused for a second before looking at his family. *"I only want my dads here for this. It's... not pretty."*

That got the four standing quickly, each with wide eyes and concern lacing their voices as they attempted to argue. He knew they were worried, that this was all out of concern but honestly he didn't even want to share any of this with anyone. They didn't want to see the pain on his family's faces after hearing a fraction of what Quackity has done, they already were terrified of what was already known they'd break even more if they heard more.

The teen shook his head, hands clenched tightly together on their lap. Steve had left when Ranboo stood, having run off to who knows where they missed the dog's calming presence already. Phil placed a hand on their shoulder, giving a warm comforting smile to them before facing the others; voice stern and leaving room for no arguments.

"I'll come let you guys know when you can come back in, but for now Ranboo gets to decide who hears this. So please respect that."

That got the four calming, Wilbur being the first to nod slowly. The brunette walked over to them, pulling the teen into a brief hug before heading towards the stairs. Niki was the next one to approach him, she gave another hug before kissing his forehead and reminding them that she loved them very much. Tommy and Tubbo nearly squeezed the life out of him with their hugs, each holding on a bit longer than both Wilbur or Niki. Soon it was only the four left in the living room, Eret in an armchair and Ranboo, Phil, and Techno on the couch opposite of her.

"Can one of you explain things? Just until... yeah."

The pinkette was the one to nod, pulling the teen closer who easily leaned into him. Techno wasn't looking forward to the upcoming conversation, Ranboo never brought up topics

involving his time with Quackity unless it was things the family already knew. They were silent when any questions were asked, closing up and shutting down when asked about the scars littering their arms or back. He hated seeing his kid like that, but he was also extremely proud of Ranboo for just being willing to share anything about the experience.

"Well, Niki met Ranboo first. She hired him to work at her cafe, I happened to come in one day since Niki gets a specific blend of tea for me. Ranboo was the one to help me that day, I instantly took a shine to them after that. Funny enough Techno met them later that day at Walmart, and when he came home we found out that we met the same kid. I then suggested we start going to the cafe more often, which was a wonderful idea since we ended up becoming friends with Ranboo."

The blonde was happy to explain their meeting, he was always able to look back at the time happily. Back when things were good and everyone was happy.

"Over time Ran started making friends with Wilbur, Tubbo, and Tommy. Which was great since we all knew each other, being in the same family and all. And that's when he started to become family as well, coming over and spending time with everyone. Ranboo became a core part of our group, the kid could bring anyone's mood up instantly just by existing in the same room."

That got him a nudge from the teen's foot, the blonde smirking over at him. It was true, they adored the dual-toned teen even before they officially became a part of their makeshift family.

"We ended up finding out about Ranboo's less than ideal living conditions, so we ended up leaving him some small gifts to show our appreciation. Though they didn't accept them at first we were pretty stubborn and insisted he accepted them."

"Wait!" The blonde paused and looked over to the teen, Ranboo was looking at him in confusion. *"That was you guys?! You're T and P... Oh my gods, that makes so much sense now."*

"Ranboo, who did you think that stuff was from? I thought we made it pretty obvious."

"I don't know! Some random people or someone playing a really expensive prank?"

The blonde sighed fondly, of course their child never figured it out. They never mentioned the gifts to either Techno or himself, he thought they made the connection but apparently not.

"As I was saying, we gave them some gifts and had him over more often. It was on one of the days we had him over when something... bad happened. Boo?"

The teen sighed before pushing themselves up, scribbling down the next part of the story. It took a few minutes and lots of crossing things out before the notebook was held up for the others to read.

"I was heading back to my apartment when some guy jumped me, and then things went black. I woke up tied to a chair in the middle of a dark room, I tried to escape but that's when"

Quackity showed up. For context Quackity is from a rival crime family, he's a bitch. Anyway, I didn't know that at the time so I was extremely confused and had no idea why I was there. He was talking about the Syndicate and how I was involved with them, I didn't know about the Syndicate yet. He broke the locket Phil and Techno got me, he also started going on about stuff he knew about me which was extremely creepy. Quackity had said he wanted to get in contact with the Syndicate, that taking me was a way to get their attention. I was basically bait for the others, at least that's what Quackity told me."

After reading Eret faced their sibling, what the hell. This sounded like some daytime drama they played for stay-at-home parents! How the hell did Ranboo get himself involved in all of this?! But their brother wasn't done, more words being scribbled across a new page. The pinkette beside them kept a hand on their shoulder, gently squeezing it whenever the teen crossed something out. A few minutes later the notebook was held up again, writing growing a bit more rushed than before.

"Quackity left for a while after that, but when he returned he was angry. He ended up coming over and yelling at me, saying that he sent out a ransom note. He said Techno and Phil responded, he said they didn't care what happened to me. He lied, I know that now but at the time I wasn't sure what to believe, I wanted to believe that he was lying but I had no proof and I was scared. Quackity was mad and just started hitting me, telling me more lies, and calling me useless. After he stopped he said he'd make me better, that he could help me. I just wanted to go home. Every day Quackity would come back into the room, making me believe in those lies and making me feel like he was right, that I was worthless and a burden. He also didn't stop hurting me, each day he found some new way to cause pain, and in the end, he'd act so nice and comforting. It was confusing, I was scared of him but I also wanted him to tell me I was good, that I was becoming useful. Things kept getting worse though, he started treating me like a dog; calling me a 'mutt' and 'stray'. And the worst part of it was that I was okay with it, I believed I deserved it. That this was normal, that I was lucky to even have Quackity 'fix' me. I don't know how long I was there, it was at least a month before the Syndicate showed up."

His hands were shaking, their breathing was picking up as well. A hand guided them over into a chest, fingers tangling in their hair and gently scratching his scalp. Techno, this was his dad. The pinkette kissed the top of his head, another hand held onto their's; Phil. Both his dads were calming them down, which he was more than grateful for but he hadn't finished yet and it was unfair to leave Eret in the dark about this.

The brunette was silent, having removed her glasses halfway through the first part of the explanation. Tortured, her baby brother was fucking tortured for a month at least. And they didn't know, he had no idea any of this happened. What kind of older sibling did that make her? Not knowing his younger sibling was going through hell, that Ranboo had been manipulated into believing they were so unloved that he was willing to cling to their literal abuser for any positive affection. Whoever this Quackity was Eret was hoping to never come across, for that man's sake, not hers. If they met the guy she would probably end up in jail by the end of that encounter, but he would make sure that bastard was dead.

Eret's attention was brought back to the present as Ranboo wrote down even more, what else could his little sibling have to say about any of that? There couldn't have been more, right?

Please don't let there be more. Eret wasn't sure how much more she could read without breaking down, still, the notebook was held out again.

"Quackity was upset that day, he decided to let out his anger on me like he usually did; this time with a cattle prod. Halfway through he left only to come back happy, I was used to his mood changing quickly so it wasn't really that strange and I didn't expect anything to change in the routine. But he stated we had guests, wanting me to follow him out of the room, which I did willingly. He kept me attached to a leash so I didn't stray too far from him, he wanted me close by and now I know why but I didn't then. He led me out and I saw the Syndicate, all six of them, it confused me. I didn't expect them to come for me, I fully believed I was abandoned by them. But they were angry, and I had no idea why I was just scared that one of them would piss off Quackity enough and I'd pay for it. He showed off how well he 'trained' me, telling them how much I was 'fixed' by him. A lot happened next, I was pulled in front of Quackity as a shield from Techno. Quackity wanted to play a game, Russian Roulette, he was a fan of games and tests. He and Techno made a bet that whoever won would get what they wanted, Quackity didn't win."

"I hope you don't mind but I'm going to interject here; add a bit to what happened," Phil said quietly, leaning forward and growing extremely serious. "Ranboo was gone for forty-seven days, and for those forty-seven days, we didn't get any ransom letter or even information on who had them. We found out he was missing the next morning after he was taken, spending every day trying to find them. We eventually got someone to be a mole and feed us information after finding out it was Quackity who had Ranboo, and the second we could we set out to get Ranboo back."

The teen nodded along, more words being added to their notebook. Everyone was tense, all stiff with underlying anger bubbling to the surface. They each had a grudge against that man, each wanting him to bleed. But now wasn't the time for revenge, this was the time for explanations.

"After Quackity was shot Techno grabbed me and ran, the building was going to fall any moment and no one wanted to be left inside. I had no idea what was going on, I was technically disobeying what Quackity told me to do which meant I was going to be punished. I still was confused on why the Syndicate showed up and now took me with them, I was so sure this was all just some test that Quackity set up. So I tried not to mess up, I only listened when a command was given, staying quiet, staying obedient. They brought me to a hospital, Quackity never took me anywhere so I had no idea why I was at a hospital. Phil was trying to get me to talk to him, I didn't want to in case this was still a test. But I did eventually explain the rules Quackity gave me and what happened when I didn't follow them, both Techno and Phil swore they wouldn't hurt me but I wasn't convinced. We stayed at that hospital for a bit, I hated every second of it. I know now that it was kind of important and I was there for a reason but I was scared and I didn't want to be hurt again. Not by them at least. I hid in the bathroom, Techno ended up coming in and sitting with me; just talking about anything he could think of. It helped a lot. The rest of the hospital visit is kind of hazy, I was on some heavy-duty pain meds at the time."

"I can add to that part; You were a lot more talkative when under the effects of the meds, it helped us understand some of what you were feeling. It was the only time you would start to

relax, but it always ended up with you breaking down before passing out. You let Phil remove the leash, but not the collar. And once we got you home you were skittish, afraid to do anything without being told to."

The pinkette kept the teen close, hand rubbing their shoulder as he spoke. He didn't like thinking about those days, Ranboo wasn't supposed to be so afraid, yet that bastard made them fear everything. He still plans on hunting that duck down and wringing his neck, he deserved a slow and painful death.

"It took a while for you to start doing things without being told to, to trust us again."

Eret was stressed, his younger sibling was in so much pain and she was blind to it. They didn't know, she couldn't have known but still, that was no excuse. They should have come looking for Ranboo sooner, found him sooner. They could tell this wasn't the end of the story yet, Ranboo wasn't the skittish person they were describing. No, this Ranboo was more assertive, more so than they had been before losing contact with Eret. Sure enough, Ranboo was writing once more, the notebook would run out of pages at this rate.

"Things got better. I got a therapist, learnt a whole new language, found out that my brain refuses to let me talk unless necessary which sucks but not much I can do about that. I basically moved in by that point, got my own room and everything. Everyone was really careful around me, they were all doing anything to help me. It really showed me how much they cared about me, that Quackity had been lying the whole time. But someone showed up suddenly and caused some problems, I don't blame him though he had every right to be upset."

"Ranboo, he was bullying you. He was not in the right and you shouldn't be excusing his actions. Fundy chose to be a dick and it was wrong of him to take out any aggression on you."

The teen huffed but moved on, Phil and him have had this conversation many times already there was no need to bring it up again. The truth of the matter was Ranboo wasn't upset with Fundy, yeah he did some messed up stuff but to the ginger, he was the outsider and shouldn't have been there. Things escalated and got out of hand, if things got explained properly then maybe none of that would have happened. But that was in the past now and they couldn't change it, most of the family was refusing to talk to Fundy and the only one the ginger would answer was Wilbur. Still, Fundy didn't come around the house, staying away like Techno had told him to.

"After the issues with Fundy we ran into another problem, the police ended up breaking in. They said they had a warrant but it turns out it was a fake the whole time, it was all part of a trap. Turns out Quackity didn't end up dying as we thought, he showed up at the police station. He was working with the cops, they got to arrest Techno and Phil while Quackity got me back. He ended up taking me to some casino, he was obviously well known there since no one bothered to stop him or call the cops. Which would have probably not worked anyway, but still. Quackity was angry, I tried to bite him in that jail cell by complete accident. He placed another collar on me, and when I tried to run it zapped me, turns out it was a shock collar. I was in pain and upset, so when he reached to grab me I bit him."

"Hell yeah, you did."

Ranboo snickered but high-fived his dad, the pinkette was smirking proudly at his kid. When Ranboo told them how he bit that bastard Techno couldn't have been more proud, he wishes he could have seen Quackity's face at that moment. The two-toned teen continued writing, Eret growing even more concerned. She wanted to interject, to ask questions but he also didn't want to interrupt their brother.

"After that, he put a muzzle on me, which was kind of fair I would have bitten him again if I could. That's also around when he called in another guy, Punz. With Punz's help, Quackity used a crowbar to shatter my knee, hence the crutches. It hurt like hell, don't recommend it. After that..."

The teen's mismatched eyes locked with Eret's own grey eyes, notebook lowering to their lap and hands raising instead. Techno understood immediately and started translating a second after Ranboo's hands moved.

"This next part is bad, like really really bad. I can skip it if you want, but it's kind of important and I think you should know. We can take a break after that if you want, and the others can come back in afterward."

Eret could feel their stomach drop, Ranboo hadn't given this warning to anything prior, and all of that was horrifying to read. But if they were giving her this warning then it must have been really bad. He wasn't sure if they wanted to know, but it was important she knew what her brother went through. So he nodded before answering.

"Yeah, yeah I want to know."

The teen sighed but nodded, writing out whatever he was about to say down onto the notebook. Whatever was written was shorter than the previous messages, only taking the dual-colored teen a few seconds to scratch out. The notebook was held out and Eret's eyes moved from word to word before she felt her stomach drop and bile rise up her throat, no. No way, that wasn't possible. No human being would do that to another, no mentally sane person at least. But they were starting to see that Quackity wasn't exactly sane, at least he didn't act like it.

Written on the notebook was a single sentence.

"Quackity carved a brand into me."

No one spoke for a few seconds, each either processing or their thoughts were filled with memories. Eret was the first to break the silence, voice soft and cracking with emotion halfway through her question.

"C-can I see it?"

The teen sighed but nodded, tugging the collar of their sweater down to reveal the mark. It was mostly healed by now, skin pink and raised but no longer the scorching red it had been for weeks. It also wasn't sore, which Ranboo was grateful for. Still, it would feel like it was

still burning some days, or it would itch and the need to scratch it so the mark would disappear would be nearly overwhelming. Still, it wasn't a pretty sight, and it was obvious to him that Eret was not happy with the sight. So after a few seconds, they covered the scar once more, he can't imagine how his sibling is going to react to the scars across their face.

"Well, I think it's time for a break. The pizza is probably cold by now but we can always reheat it, and I think we should save the rest of this conversation for another day. Eret, would you like to stay the night? It's late and I'm sure you don't wish to leave yet. You're welcome to stay and enjoy the food and movie."

The brunette jolted before nodding, she wasn't sure how he felt. Their sibling had scars and burns across his body, all because some man decided he enjoyed hurting them. And the brand, the literal brand on their chest made them feel a deep hatred for a man she's never met. They didn't trust the Syndicate members yet, but Ranboo did and that proved they were at least not hurting her baby brother. And that counted for something.

"If that's okay I would like that, I just... need a second to process all that."

"That's understandable mate, let me go grab the others. Ten bucks that Tommy and Tubbo were trying to eavesdrop."

The pinkette snickered but accepted the bet, the blonde stood and placed a hand on Ranboo's head. He sent the teen a fond smile before heading towards the stairs, disappearing out of view after a few seconds. Techno sighed before nudging his kid, the teen glanced up at him in acknowledgment.

"Go pick out a movie before the gremlins get down here, I don't want to watch Moana for the twenty-third time this month."

Ranboo smirked behind his mask, nodding to their father before getting up. He placed the notebook down on the couch before heading for the hallway, towards their room. Once out of sight Techno's focus landed back onto Eret, a frown on his face.

"Look." His voice held as much emotion as it could while still remaining monotone. The brunette glanced up, eyes red from holding back tears. "Ranboo's important to us, we can't lose them again. I get that you are their sibling, and we are in no way telling him or you to not see each other, we wouldn't do that. But I need to warn you, our lives are dangerous and I don't want to involve more people who didn't choose this life. Ranboo would literally kill us if we let you get hurt, so I'm warning you now but this is also an invitation."

The brunette rose an eyebrow in confusion, not fully understanding what the other was talking about. She understood the warning, they were grateful for it but that wasn't enough to scare him away from her sibling again. But this invitation intrigued them, what could the pink-haired man be inviting her to?

"You know about us and what we truly are, that we are dangerous people. But we're family, and since you're Ranboo's family it's only fair I offer you the same invitation we offered him. Eret, you don't need to accept if you truly do not want to, this will in no way affect anything between you and Ranboo. We won't force you to leave or to stay away, and no one will force

you to accept. You are free to refuse or leave whenever you want, no one will be forcing you to do anything you don't want to."

Eret was growing concerned, what was so important that she was getting this many warnings? Was he going to ask them to help hide a body? To go hunt down Quackity and kill him? He was okay with that one honestly, she'd go right now if Technoblade knew where the bastard was.

"Eret Belvoi, would you be interested in joining the Syndicate?"

Chapter End Notes

Summary::

Most of this chapter is a recap of SAP up to Chapter 36. Wilbur, Niki, Tommy, and Tubbo are told to leave the room by Ranboo, not wanting the others to hear some of what happened with Quackity. Ranboo finally finds out who T and P are, and is very confused on why they didn't notice it sooner. Eret asks to see Ranboo's brand mark after Ranboo tells about the mark. They take a break after that, Phil leaving to go get the others, Ranboo leaving to pick out a movie for movie night. Techno talks to Eret about The Syndicate and Ranboo, and how they won't try and keep Eret away or not let them around. The chapter ends with Techno inviting Eret to join the Syndicate.

Forgiveness

Chapter Summary

Wonder what'll happen next??~

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Quackity
Wounds/Injuries
Brand/Brandings
Cursing
Mentions of Death/Murder
Mentions of Abandonment
Mentions of Child Neglect/Abandonment
Yelling/Arguing
Mentions of Torture/Kidnapping

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Eret's dealt with a lot of things in their life; being kicked out of her family home, having to help raise his siblings, having to work extra jobs so they could save up enough money to help her siblings when they were eventually kicked out like him. She has dealt with many things, but they had never pictured himself dealing with the mafia. He had never pictured Ranboo getting tangled up with the mafia either, out of all her siblings Ranboo seemed the least likely to get involved with this mess.

Yet here they were, being offered to join said mafia. Wait. Technoblade said he had offered the same thing to Ranboo. This adult man offered a place in the literal mafia to a seventeen-year-old. And he saw nothing wrong with it?!

“Hold on, back up. You said you invited Ranboo to join the mafia. He’s seventeen! They aren’t even an adult yet but you still asked them to join?!”

“Yes. Both I and Phil offered him the choice to join, we didn’t force them or anything if that’s what you’re worried about.”

“That’s not what I’m worried about! Well, I am worried about that as well but I’m more worried about the fact that Ranboo is still a child!”

How did the pinkette not see that?! He's involving her little brother in a life of crime! They've already been hurt because of these people, how much danger has their sibling gotten himself into?

"I understand that, but at the time it was the best we could offer them. And they accepted."

"He accepted?!"

Techno nodded. Was it so strange that, after hearing all his kid has been through, they would choose to join an organization that would protect him? Plus it was a symbol of their family, so it only made sense for their kid to join the Syndicate.

"Yes they did, Ranboo is a member of the Syndicate."

"How do I know you didn't pressure him into this? You could have forced them to join."

Even though he knew where she was coming from it still hurt to be accused like that. He would never force anyone to join the Syndicate, that's how you got moles and traitors. And to think that he'd force his own kid into a dangerous life like this was almost laughable.

"You can ask Ranboo if you want, but I can assure you none of us forced them to do anything."

Eret seemed to accept this answer, for now, mouth shutting into a frown. She's no doubt asking their sibling later, probably a whole miniature interrogation would occur in his home.

"I'll talk to them, but until then I can't give you an answer."

The pinkette nodded, that was completely understandable. He told Eret to take as long as he needed before answering, that the offer would remain open even if she declined. It was the best way he knew how to bring Eret into the family. Since she was related to Ranboo he was willing to open up his home to them and offer a place in their family.

Footsteps thundered down the stairs, two sets much quicker than the other three. And then a body was clinging itself over the couch, face slamming into the cushions. A second body landed right on top of the other, the blonde body groaning underneath the brunette.

"Did everything go okay?"

Glancing over to the brunette Techno could see the hidden worry on the teen's face, Tubbo was obviously worried over the two-toned teen. Tommy pushed himself up onto his elbows, the brunette on his back flailing so he didn't fall off.

"Where is the boob boy?"

"They're picking out a movie."

That got both teens scrambling off the couch, each trying to rush towards Ranboo's room. Tommy was complaining about not getting to watch Moana while Tubbo kept saying he

wanted to watch the Bee movie, Techno hoped Ranboo would pick something that wouldn't be something they've seen a million times.

The remaining three sets of footsteps appeared, his partner walking past him and into the kitchen. Niki walked around the couch before taking a seat, Wilbur stood behind the couch.

"Eret." The shaded brunette glanced over at the petite pinkette, Niki wore a remorseful frown. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you able this, or about how I knew about your brother. But you can understand why I kept silent. I didn't want to overwhelm you, and I also wasn't sure what your relationship with Ranboo was like."

Eret nodded, he could understand that. For all Niki knew they could have been lying or something, he didn't blame her for that. Though she would have liked to know that their employer was a part of the mafia, he figured that should have been something mentioned during the interview.

Before the brunette could reply there was the sound of running, footsteps thundering down the hall. Tommy skidded through the doorway before sprinting past, only being stopped when Wilbur grabbed him, effectively stopping him. A second set of rushing footsteps sounded before Tubbo appeared, rounding the corner with a frown.

"Tommy give it back!"

"No! I refuse to watch Encanto again! Moana is so much better! It has the Rock!"

They were fighting over a movie, a literal movie. For some reason, the three teenagers took movie night way too seriously, constantly arguing over which movie would be played that night. It seemed like Ranboo chose tonight's film and the blonde was not willing to give up his Moana obsession so easily. Wilbur glanced at Tommy, spotting the DVD in his hand. Taking it from the teen was easy, mostly because he was distracted with trying to keep the case away from Tubbo.

"Wha-? Wilbur you bitch! Give it back!"

"No you gremlin child, now go sit down or you get no popcorn."

The blonde sputtered, trying to find some response before huffing. He stomped his way over to the couch before falling onto the cushions with another huff, arms crossed as he pouted. He was acting like a literal child, throwing a tantrum like a toddler. Wilbur found it hilarious, snickering at the blonde who in turn shouted at him to 'shut the fuck up you tall ass bitch boy!'

The DVD was plucked from his hand, glancing over revealed the two-toned teen. Wilbur didn't try to take it back, there was no reason to. Well, there wasn't until Ranboo used the plastic case to hit Tommy's head, which he should have expected by now. After the whole Quackity incidents, mostly the second one, Ranboo has been a lot more willing to engage in the playful fighting the other two teens did. Though this action did seem to shock Eret, the shaded brunette was watching the taller teen with barely hidden shock.

“Oi! Whatcha do that for bitch?!”

Ranboo merely flipped him off before sitting down right next to the blonde. Tommy shoved them but the dual-colored teen just pushed back, eventually, Tubbo moved over to the two as well. The brunette teen pushed himself to sit in between the two, a smirk on his face.

It didn’t take long for Phil to call out that the pizzas have been warmed up and to come claim their slices, both Tommy and Tubbo sprung up before running into the kitchen. Wilbur and Niki weren’t far behind, though they went at a much more leisurely pace. Techno stood as well, glancing back at his kid when they didn’t start towards the kitchen.

“Everything okay Ran?”

The teen glanced at him before nodding, pushing themself up before signing to him.

“*Yeah, just need to talk to E R E T real quick.*”

They needed to think of a name sign for their sibling, it would get pretty tiring spelling out her name instead of a single word. The pinkette nodded back, pulling them into a side hug. His hand rubbed up and down their arm, a common comforting motion from their dad. He wasn’t the best at talking but his actions always spoke louder, something Ranboo liked about his dad.

Once Techno left the teen stopped their sibling from following, a hand latching onto her sleeve. They picked up the notebook before scribbling out a simple ‘follow me’ with a head motion towards the hallway. Eret wasn’t sure what Ranboo wanted from him, they were nervous about what it could possibly be. What if Ranboo was going to tell them that everything wasn’t true and that he was being forced to say those things? Or what if they were going to tell her that he needed to leave and to never come back? Okay, that one was pretty far-fetched, Ranboo wasn’t like that. But then again the teen also didn’t flip people off, even playfully, so Eret could be very wrong on what to expect from their baby brother.

His thoughts were halted as Ranboo stopped them, just past the arch that connected the hall to the living room. They wrote out something on their notebook before holding it up to the older brunette, words that made their stomach drop once again.

“I have more scars, some that are hard to hide. I didn’t want you to freak out when you see them so I figured I’d show you them now instead of when we’re trying to eat.”

More scars? How many scars did his baby sibling have littering their body now? A dozen? Fifty? Hundreds? How much did she miss in the span of six months or so? Ranboo was waiting for their response, Eret could only nod, too scared to say something wrong and have her sibling close themself off or disappear again.

The teen sighed, lowering the notebook before reaching for their mask. Eret knew Ranboo liked wearing masks, it helped their anxiety ever since he was a preteen. But now that mask was being used to hide away scars, long winding scars that ran across their cheeks, just shy of their nose. Eret wasn’t sure what could cause scars like that and they weren’t sure if he

wanted to know either, what she did know was that those must have been painful when they were first created.

Her hand reached up, hovering just barely in front of their face. He paused right before touching silently asking if it was okay, the teen merely nodded. Eret's fingers traced the scars, tears forming but not yet falling. They told her of the hell they've been through but he knew that was only a fraction of the pain their sibling went through.

"I'm sorry Boo. I'm so sorry I wasn't there for you. I should have checked in more, visited even. But I didn't, because I was too focused on helping our aunts get custody of Charlie and Crumb. I should've... I shouldn't have put you on the back burner. I should have known something was wrong the second you stopped replying, I should have started searching sooner. I should have been a better older brother."

The teen shook their head, taking her hand and writing out words for them.

"It's okay. You're not a bad sibling, I'm glad you helped Crumb and Charlie. You're my sister Eret, you're one of the best siblings I could ask for. I love you."

That had the tears falling, they pulled the younger into a hug before breaking down. Ranboo didn't deserve half the crap he went through, they didn't deserve any of it! And of course, her sibling wouldn't blame anything on them, why would he? Ranboo just wasn't like that, they never blamed anyone, always taking the punishments for themselves and being the self-sacrificing person he was. Eret didn't deserve Ranboo as a sibling, no she didn't deserve any of their siblings but he was so very blessed to have them in his life.

The two-toned teen returned the hug, comforting their sibling. He ran a hand across their back as Eret clung to them, sunglasses having fallen to the floor at some point. A blonde head peeked out of the kitchen, Phil raised an eyebrow in a silent question. Ranboo gave a thumbs up and a soft smile, one being returned by their dad before he slipped back out of sight.

It was going to be rough for Eret to get used to Ranboo's new life, it was strange for them at first too. But he had confidence that Eret would come to love his family just as Ranboo has, and then maybe they could even bring Crumb and Charlie over to meet everyone. Charlie would love Steve, he'd even get along with Tubbo and Tommy extremely easily. Crumb and Niki would be the best of friends, they could already see the two baking cookies and chasing everyone out of the kitchen with spatulas. Ranboo couldn't wait to have everyone they cared for just exist in the same building, all happy and safe.

"Hey boob boy! Get your ass in here and tell your dad to stop hogging the breadsticks!"

And the heartwarming moment was once again ruined by one Mr. Innte, nothing wholesome could last in this chaotic household for long. But that was one of the reasons Ranboo loved it so much, you never knew what would happen next.

"Did he just say 'dad'?"

Oh yeah, they knew they were forgetting something.

Chapter End Notes

Eret feels a lot of guilt for not being there for all of her siblings, he feels like they need to be responsible for all three of his sibling's safety and happiness. Which of course isn't physically possible, so Eret holds a lot of guilt for not 'doing enough' when in reality she's been extremely supportive and goes out of his way for their family. Eret is a good sibling and we love her, Eret is older sibling goals <3

I'm not fine

Chapter Summary

I was bribed to give you guys that happy ending...
Thank the B0N3L1NGS for I had a worse ending planned

٦٩

Chapter Notes

Tw's;;

Quackity

Aftermath of Kidnapping

Aftermath of Torture

Aftermath of Conditioning

Panic Attacks

Hallucinations

Unhealthy Coping Mechanisms

Self-Degrading Thoughts

Self-Gaslighting

Self-Manipulation

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dad

A three-letter word referring to someone's father, used as a term of endearment. A term Eret is pretty sure has never been used to refer to their father at any given point of time. Another thing they were sure of was that their father wasn't anywhere near here, her parents lived nearly two hours away and wouldn't show up at a stranger's house for no reason. So who?

They glanced at her brother, the teen just sighed before motioning for them to both go into the kitchen. Eret reluctantly followed, still unsure what was going on. Maybe it was just a joke? Some dumb teenage teasing attempt? Still, the lack of an explanation was bothering her.

The two entered the kitchen, spotting the rest of the Syndicate in the midst of what looked like a chaotic dinner session. Phil and Niki were sat calmly at the table, chatting about

random things as they ate. Wilbur was fending off Tubbo who was reaching for the pizza box the taller brunette kept out of reach, half a slice was held in Wilbur's mouth as he slurred out curses and what sounded almost like; 'stay back you gremlin.' Lastly, there was Tommy and Techno, the blonde was attempting to snatch a breadstick only to be thwarted by a smack to the hand when he got too close.

Once the teen spotted the two he smirked, gaze focused on the taller of the siblings.

"Perfect! Ranboo tell him to let me have a breadstick!"

"You were trying to snatch the whole box, plus you already ate like five of them."

"Lies and slander! I did no such thing!"

"You still have crumbs on your face child."

Tommy quickly wiped their arm across their mouth, trying to get rid of the evidence. Ranboo merely chuckled before moving towards the two, stopping between them.

'May I?'

"Of course, you can, Theseus on the other hand is being cut off."

Tommy groaned dramatically, throwing his head back as he slumped in his chair. The two-toned teen took two breadsticks, staring directly at Tommy he took a bite. The blonde of course started cursing and going on about how unfair this was, he even tried to snatch the other teen's second breadstick.

"This is favoritism!"

"Of course it is, Ranboo's my favorite out of all three of you. Why wouldn't my own kid be my favorite?"

"Wait what?"

Three heads turned to Eret, the brunette was still standing in the entryway to the kitchen, obvious confusion on their face. Ranboo nudged the pinkette with their elbow, gaining his attention.

'We forgot to mention that part. E R E T doesn't know.'

"Oh. Uh... well you see..." Techno rubbed the back of his neck, unsure how to go about this conversation. When he and Phil asked the teen's parents for rights neither of them had known Ranboo had any siblings, they were never brought up. It's not like there were many family pictures around the mostly barren house. "Phil! Emotional talk time!"

The blonde's attention snapped over to them, Niki's soon following. Meanwhile, Tubbo had tackled Wilbur and was currently sitting on top of the older brunette with the pizza box on his lap, simply watching the rest of them.

“Didn’t we just finish with the emotional talking?”

“Yeah, but we forgot to mention a key detail.”

“Wha-“

‘E R E T doesn’t know you two adopted me.’

“Oh.” Phil nodded slowly before tapping the table. “Might want to take a seat for this mate.”

Well, that wasn’t concerning. Still, she moved into the kitchen before sliding into one of the empty seats, confusion and slight fear on their face. He had some suspicions but they didn’t seem like something that would actually happen.

“Well you see, after all of... that, and after things settled down we threw Ranboo a birthday party. Techno and I had been planning on asking them to become a part of our family, legally that is. We wanted to ask a lot earlier but after everything, we decided to wait until we were all a little more stable. But we decided to ask them the night of the party, and he accepted. So, legally speaking Ranboo is our kid.”

...

What?

No one spoke as Eret tried to process what they were just told. Two extremely powerful mafia bosses, who must be loaded, adopted their sibling and she was just finding out about this? He was shocked for sure, but it wasn’t surprising their parents would sign off on this. He doubts either of the two had to even threaten or bribe her parents into signing away their rights to complete strangers. Eret didn’t know how she felt about this, a lot of emotions were running through them. She was happy that Ranboo was happy, but he also felt sad and guilty. Ranboo was still her brother, nothing could change that fact, but it was weird to think of her baby sibling being a part of someone else’s family.

He didn’t want to say anything wrong, she didn’t want Ranboo or anyone thinking they were upset over this decision. He wasn’t upset over it, no she was more upset that they only found out about it now instead of sooner. This news just added onto the brunette’s belief that they were a bad brother, she should have been there to celebrate with his sibling. The teen was getting what Eret always wanted for all three of his siblings; parents who actually gave two shits about their kids. You’d have to be blind to not see how much these two cared about Ranboo, how everyone in this room loved her brother.

They wouldn’t be missing something else like this again, he’d make sure she’d be there for her younger sibling this time.

“Wow, uh that’s not something I expected to hear.” She chuckled before smiling over at their brother. “I’m happy for you Boo, I’m happy you’re happy.”

Ranboo smiled at her, mouthing the words ‘thank you.’ to them. Eret would need to start learning sign language, wanting to be able to understand their brother easier.



The rest of dinner was a lot less emotional, Eret seemed to get along with Wilbur, Niki, and Phil. She was a bit awkward around Techno but that was expected, the man was intimidating at first. But Ranboo has seen the pinkette play with Steve and Carl, the man was soft even if it wasn't obvious.

Eventually, they all migrated to the couch, the DVD being put in as everyone got settled. Phil and Techno got their chairs, as usual. Wilbur, Niki, and Eret got the couch, which left the three teens sitting on the floor. Ranboo didn't really care but Tommy made a big deal out of it, it ended with him sitting on Wilbur's feet.

The movie was nearly done, it was going so well too, but then that one scene popped up. Abuela and Mirabel's fight always brought up ugly emotions but usually, the teen was able to push them down enough to finish the movie and forget about those feelings. But today seemed different, the words were hitting harder and leaving gouges in him.

"That's why I'm in the vision. I'm saving the miracle!"

"You have to stop, Mirabel! The cracks started with you. Bruno left because of you. Luisa's losing her powers. Isabela's out of control. Because of you! I don't know why you weren't given a gift. But it is not an excuse for you to hurt this family!"

The teen was tense, nails digging into their pants as they attempted to ignore the words that felt like knives stabbing into him. He could handle this, he was fine, these words weren't directed at them, he is okay.

"I will never be good enough for you. Will I? No matter how hard I try. No matter how hard any of us tries. Isabella won't!"

He wasn't okay.

The two-toned teen pushed themselves off the floor, quickly walking off towards the hallway. They signed out a quick 'bathroom' to his dad when it looked like he was going to question where the teen was going. Ranboo did end up in the bathroom, leaning against the door before sliding to the ground.

This was pathetic. It was a movie! A Disney movie no less! Just a few words had them feeling like he was breaking apart. He was better than this, they were supposed to be better than this. Why weren't they-

"Good enough? Oh Ranboo, you know why."

They growled as he clenched his teeth, pulling his knees up to their chest. They hid their face and tried to ignore the voice that wouldn't stop haunting him.

"I know this, you know this, I'm sure everyone knows this. But you keep lying to yourself, you know it's true. You aren't good enough, and you won't ever be. And it's all your own fault."

A hand ghosted over their head, sending chills down his spine. This wasn't real, he wasn't really here, this Quackity was nothing but a few memories and Ranboo's own imagination. But the ravenette didn't seem to get the memo, he still showed up and tormented Ranboo and the teen could do nothing to stop it.

"Are you going to keep whimpering on the floor like a kicked puppy? I thought you were better than that, guess you can't even do that correctly."

Shut up...

"But I should have expected it, you're still that coward that listens to my every word."

Shut. Up.

"You are still my mutt, and no matter where you are or who you are with my mark will always be there to remind you."

"Shut up! Shutupshutupshutupshutupshut-"

"Ranboo?"

Their jaw made a clicking noise as he snapped it shut, body tense as they tried to calm their breathing. He was fine, everything was perfectly fine. Technoblade was knocking on the other side of the door, his voice was coated in concern. Any other time Ranboo would have found his concern heart-warming, but right now it just made them feel guilty for worrying the other.

He couldn't leave his dad standing out there for long, the pinkette would break into the bathroom if he truly believed something was wrong. It's happened before and no doubt would happen again in the future. The two-toned teen pushed themself up, rubbing the heel of their palms under their eyes to get rid of unshed tears. He was fine. They had to be fine.

They opened the door to face Techno, the pinkette was frowning softly as his eyes looked over them. He knew it wasn't true but that voice kept whispering lies in their ears, telling them that Technoblade was looking over them and finding each and every one of their flaws. But he knew their dad wasn't like that, he's never been like that, none of the others were like that either. Yet the voice persisted.

The pinkette locked eyes with him before lowering his gaze, hand reaching out to grasp their own. Technoblade removed their hand from the brand, he must have started scratching it again. They couldn't help but feel like a little kid getting caught sneaking cookies from the cookie jar.

Techno squeezed his kid's hand gently, redirecting their focus back to him. He wasn't dumb, he knew something was wrong the second Ranboo got up to leave. He did wait a few minutes, just in case he was over-reacting, before going to check on them. He's glad he did,

right as he was about to knock he could make out muttering that sounded more like desperate pleas than anything else. And when Ranboo opened the door it was easy to see they had been crying, eyes red and puffy.

The teen was tense, a slight tremble was visible if he looked hard enough. His kid's hand was gripping their shirt tightly, right over the mark he knew was hidden there. So the pinkette gently took their hand, leading it away from their chest. Something triggered them, and with all the memories brought up from earlier? This was the aftermath of the dam finally breaking.

He had actually expected this would happen earlier. Ranboo may think they are able to hide his emotions but Techno was able to tell his kid was simply bottling everything up. The teen was doing what he did, putting unnecessary burdens on themselves until they crush themselves under the weight of everything. He'd need to figure out how to get them to release some of those trapped emotions, he may sound like a hypocrite but he's been working on expressing himself more to avoid this exact situation.

"Boo."

He opened his arms and it took less than a second for Ranboo to collapse into him, clutching his shirt as they inhaled a shuddery breath. He wrapped his arms around them, rubbing his kid's back as they stifled sobs and choked out breaths.

"How about you and I go grab some ice cream for the heathens? I'm pretty sure Tommy and Tubbo already cleared out our stash. I think some fresh air will make you feel better."

They nodded against his shoulder, grip loosening before releasing him altogether. He led them out of the bathroom and into the hallway, hand holding onto theirs as they trailed behind him. Ranboo's gaze was focused on their feet and the floor, he only moved closer when they entered the living room. They were attempting to hide behind him, shrinking down and avoiding everyone's eyes.

"Everything okay?"

Phil was obviously concerned, a frown on his face as he looked ready to stand up and rush over. Techno gave him a smile, nodding in hopes it would ease his worries.

"Yeah, we're just running out to pick up some ice cream. And no I'm not taking requests."

That got a groan out of the two teens and Wilbur, which he ignored. The pinkette instead grabbed his keys before ushering his kid out the door and into the car. The ride to the store was quiet, Ranboo's head was leaning against the window as they watched the world pass them by.

"Wanna talk about it?" The two-toned teen glanced at him before shaking their head, eyes going back to watch cars pass by. "You know you can always talk to me or any of the others whenever you need to, right?"

'Yes dad, I know. I'm fine, I just...'

"Too much at one time?" They were silent for a moment before nodding, arms wrapping around himself in a pseudo hug. "That's okay Ran, no one expects you to be fine all the time. You're allowed to not be okay."

'I know... but everyone is happier when I'm fine. When I'm not okay everyone is worried and concerned, it's not fair to you guys-'

"Okay, hold on one second." Technoblade steered the car to the side of the road, pulling over and putting it in park. He turned to look at his kid, frowning softly. "Ranboo it doesn't matter how we feel, if you're not okay then you shouldn't be forcing yourself to be okay. It's not fair to you, it's not your job to make everyone happy. We get worried because we care about you, yes we don't want you to be hurting but that doesn't mean we want you to force yourself to be okay. Boo, have you talked to Puffy about this?"

They didn't answer for a second before nodding, he pulled their legs up to instead curl around them.

"And what did she say about it?"

'Basically what you said... but more professionally.'

"Do you not believe us then when we tell you this?"

The teen shook their head quickly, desperate to make it clear that Techno was mistaken. The pinkette sighed as he laid his hand on his kid's head, they leaned into the touch almost immediately. He ran his fingers through dual-colored locks as he looked over his kid, he should have brought this up earlier before it got this bad.

"Can you come to me or Phil when you feel not okay? Even if it's just a little or seems stupid, we can all be not okay together." The teen glanced over at him with a raised eyebrow, Techno gave a weak smirk before continuing. "Did you think any of us were okay? Because I can tell you we aren't, far from it actually. So instead of isolating yourself, you can come to us, and we can just be not okay for a while."

Ranboo was watching him as he spoke, a soft smile formed on their face before they nodded. They leaned closer and Techno wrapped his arm around their shoulder, it was a bit uncomfortable since they were in a car and had a storage compartment in between them. He kissed the top of their head before releasing them, smiling warmly at his kid.

"We should go get that ice cream before Phil thinks we crashed or got lost."

'Can we get mint chocolate chip?'

"Of course, we can Boo. Of course, we can."

Chapter End Notes

Legally I have to put this;; I do not own Encanto or any Disney mentions in this fic.

Anyway~

Looks like our favorite oreo is learning to actually talk about their feelings and that it's okay if he isn't okay all the time.

Ah Healing, we love to see it

Skirmish

Chapter Summary

That's right everybody

It's your favorite boy!!

We're back baby!!

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Quackity
Insomnia
Mentions of Death/Murder
Mentions of Panic Attacks
Unhealthy Coping Mechanisms
Self-Degrading Thoughts
Self-Gaslighting

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The rest of the car ride was a lot less stressful, some part of Ranboo's anxiety had been soothed and they no longer felt like a ticking time bomb, more just an inactive volcano; one who had the potential to explode but showed no signs of doing so. They felt even better after getting the frozen treat they had been promised.

The two sat in the parking lot, car radio playing some song quietly in the background as the two ate their ice cream. Techno had gotten himself strawberry, something that the teen found a bit funny. Not that he'd state as much but it was funny that the pinkette's favorite ice cream was also pink.

Once done Technoblade drove them back, giving them an option to just remain in the car for a bit before reentering the chaos zone. They declined, he felt better now and could handle some more social interaction. Plus they wanted to soak up as much time as they could with his sibling, wanting to catch up and learn what she had been up to.

Techno was still worried about his kid, now that he knew they were actively forcing themselves to act okay he was analyzing every interaction he could think of; trying to figure

out if any of those emotions had been forced. Why didn't he spot it sooner? If he knew beforehand maybe Ranboo wouldn't feel as pressured to be okay. Even though he knew he couldn't time travel and fix his mistakes he still wished he had noticed and done things differently. There's a lot he would love to fix, one would be finishing Quackity off instead of only leaving him with that scar.

But he couldn't.

The two walked through the front door to hear the sound of rushing footsteps. Neither moved as the sound came closer, already knowing what to expect. Sure enough, Tommy went sprinting down the hall, socks slipping on the hardwood as Wilbur chased him. Why? They didn't know but this was a common occurrence. It wasn't home if someone wasn't chasing the blonde around the house.

“Welcome back, everything go okay?”

Phil greeted them, making his way to the entryway. He was worried but can you blame him? His dad instincts were going off the second Ranboo left for the restroom, and then Techno goes to check on him only to return with an emotional teen. So blame him all you want but he was allowed to be worried over his kid, call him overprotective or a helicopter parent, he'll wear those titles with pride!

“Yeah, had a bit of a heart-to-heart in the parking lot of Friendly's.”

“Oh? Without me?”

He acted hurt but honestly, he was just happy to see that Ranboo had a small smile on their face as his dads interacted. Phil did want to know what they spoke about, what had triggered the teen on the first place, but he also wasn't going to pry. Techno and Ranboo could have their own private talks without him if they needed, he wasn't jealous. Yeah no... Okay, maybe a little but that's fine.

Techno and Ranboo we're very similar, almost like a mirror. They both sucked at social interaction if they didn't know someone well enough, they were both awkward, and neither were good at emotions, really it would have been more shocking if the two didn't get along as well as they did. So yeah, maybe Philza Craft was the smallest bit jealous.

He wanted to be a good dad too. Techno fell into the role so easily, Phil tried but he didn't feel like he was doing enough. Was he doing enough? Was he doing something wrong? Ranboo was his kid, sure the other three boys were practically his kids too but Ranboo was officially his. He couldn't screw that up, he had to be the best dad he could be!

A warm body collapsed against him, the blonde's arms circling the other naturally. Ranboo had given him a hug, a partially 'hold me up cuz I'm too lazy to do it myself' hug but a hug nonetheless. Phil chuckled as he rubbed their back, leave it to Ranboo to realize that Phil was overthinking again.

“Tired?”

The teen in question hummed in acknowledgment, giving a slight nod into the blonde's shoulder. After their talk with Techno, it was easier to spot when Phil started overthinking. Though they didn't know about what he still felt the need to distract the older man.

“Wanna turn in early?”

“*E R E T?*”

“She said they'd be staying the night, gonna make up the couch for him.”

The dual-colored teen hummed again before straightening, stretching their back out a bit. Techno had moved away to allow the two their little moment, he knew Phil was getting concerned about how he was as a parent. The blonde has discussed this before on the nights neither of them could sleep, fear of the nightmares that would greet them if they shut their eyes.

Maybe they should get group counseling? Was that a thing? Would the others need it too? Probably, none of his family was mentally okay. Maybe Puffy would be willing to take on six more clients, maybe seven if Eret decided she wanted to join.

He walked into the living room to spot Tubbo laying on the ground, face down with his limbs spread out starfish style. The pinkette paused and raised an eyebrow, he was clearly breathing and there was no blood so surely he was fine. Glancing around he was able to spot the nerf bullets littered around him, ah so he was murdered. Shame, he actually liked the gremlin's presence sometimes.

He gave a mock salute before heading down the hall, hoping he could avoid the ongoing war by hiding out in his room. Of course, that wouldn't work.

Tommy swung around the corner, red nerf pistol in hand. It took him less than a second to spot the pinkette, it took even less for him to fire and a nerf bullet to bounce off his shoulder.

The blonde paused as Techno sighed, oh shit did he mess up? Was the boss mad now? Oh he was screwed.

“Uh, Tech-”

“Theseus...” Oh shit. “This means war.”

OH SHIT!



Eret had just left his hiding spot, Niki at her side. How did they get roped into a literal nerf war you may ask? She had no idea. All they knew was that Niki was safe and on his side. Tubbo had been taken out first, shot by a stray bullet from his own teammate. There had been

a whole dramatic scene where Tommy cradled the brunette's body as he sobbed out apologies.

Things got even more chaotic when Wilbur broke the team up, even more, claiming Tommy had betrayed them. The blonde had smirked evilly, giving the classic villain laugh. Somehow this team battle had become 'take Tommy down to stop his murderous ways', honestly Eret was still confused about what was going on.

Niki was leading them, both crouched and nearly crawling as they inched their way across the second-floor hallway. She thinks he could hear stomping footsteps and high-pitched screaming a few minutes before it went silent. So either Tommy was 'killed' or Wilbur was now dead.

They inched by one door and Eret spotted an arm just shy of the doorway, yellow sleeve visible. He nudged Niki to get her attention, when the pinkette glanced at them in question she motioned to the door. Niki spotted the body, the two moved closer.

"Is that you god? Have you come to release me from this mortal plane? Have mercy upon my soul oh goddess of death, let me find peace in the afterlife, I beg of thee."

The man was spouting poetry as he lay dying on the ground, but the worst part was that he wasn't surrounded by bullets. No instead a foam sword was held between his side and armpit, an imitation of being stabbed. Wilbur's brown eyes flicked to them and a smile formed on his face.

"Ah, my friends, my brothers in arms. How I've longed to see your faces once more."

"Wilbur where's Tommy?"

Niki was serious, acting like this was actually an all-out war. It was a bit terrifying.

"Tommy? Ah yes, the traitor. Alas, I couldn't avenge our fallen comrade, Tubbo. Niki, my friend, please avenge me. Put a bullet through Tommy's head so both Tubbo and myself may rest in peace."

"I will Wilbur, your death won't be in vain."

Okay, these guys took roleplaying a bit too seriously.

"Eret." She looked at Wilbur as he croaked out the words, whispered like he couldn't even manage to say them. "We may not have fought together for long, but I pray you survive this hell. I regret the time we stood on opposite ends of the battlefield, I think about all the ways this could have ended differently. Perhaps we could have all survived, but..."

Wilbur turned his head and coughed dramatically, Eret could feel tears forming. Oh no now they were getting too into it. The brunette grabs the other's hand, grasping the limp hand.

"What is it, Wilbur?"

The man turned to look at her, eyes lidded and a weak smile on his face.

“It was never meant to be...”

And then his head lolled to the side, arm falling out of Eret’s grip. Niki’s hand grasped their shoulder, her head turned as her shoulders shook.

“We have to keep moving, we can come back to give him a proper send-off after we find Tommy.”

Eret nodded, sniffling as she took one more look at the brunette’s limp body.

Meanwhile, Phil and Ranboo stumbled upon the first body. The blonde huffed, he couldn’t leave these kids alone for more than five minutes without a whole war starting up. Both of their heads snapped up and turned at the sound of a shriek.

Tommy sprinted out of the hallway, vaulting over the couch and nearly tripping over Tubbo. The blonde soon ran out the back door, still screaming. Ranboo glanced to the halls before nudging Phil, the blonde followed his gaze and just sighed. Technoblade was calmly walking down the hall, two rather large nerf guns strapped to his back and what looked to be the nerf version of a machine gun in his hands.

They even managed to drag Techno into this battle. And it looked like he was hunting down Tommy, so the blonde must have been the one to strike him first. The pinkette glanced at them, giving them a nod before stalking out into the backyard.

Phil turned to Ranboo, a tired smile on his face. Why was everyone in this house literal children?

“How about we go to the kitchen, I think we still have some of Niki’s cookies.”

“I want cookies!”

“Tubbo, aren’t you supposed to be dead?”

“The power of sugar has revived me, now where are those cookies?”

•————•(♡)•————•

The war ended with Techno as the victor. The pinkette had hunted down Tommy, carrying his body back like a sack of potatoes. Niki and Eret had snuck their way downstairs to see Tommy slain, both had looked like they had been crying. Once the battle was declared over Wilbur practically skipped down the stairs, laughing and joking with Niki and Eret about whatever had happened when the three were upstairs.

Ranboo was happy to see his sister get along well with them, this nerf war seemed to bring them closer. Fighting for your life, even if it’s pretend, will bring people together; who knew?

By the time everyone had calmed down it was nearing midnight, not super late but late enough for the two-toned teen to feel exhausted. They had a mentally draining day, one of the most chaotic days they've had for a while actually.

No one wanted to leave so they all went to their own rooms, excluding Eret who was set up on the couch.

The brunette had fallen asleep rather quickly, though they were awakened at some point. She sat up to spot the kitchen light on, he had clearly remembered it being off when they had first collapsed on the sofa. Being curious she got up, inching their way into the kitchen; it felt weird to just go back to sleep if someone was awake in the other room.

Eret passed in the doorway and spotted Phil, the blonde was leaning up against the counter on his phone, what looked to be a coffee maker spitting out hot water into the pot. Blue eyes flicked up to meet Eret's own grey ones, a sheepish smile appeared on his face.

“Sorry mate, did I wake you?”

“No... Well, maybe but it's fine, I hardly sleep anyway.”

Phil nodded before gesturing to the kitchen table, “Feel free to take a seat, the water is almost done, any tea preferences? We have quite the selection.”

“I'm fine with whatever, thank you.” The blonde nodded as Eret took a seat, head resting on their hand. “So why are you up at-” She glanced at the stove clock, “three fifty-two?”

Phil chuckled as he pulled out three mugs, pouring the hot water into each one. He grabbed three different tea bags and dropped them into each mug.

“Well usually I'm awake earlier but since we went to bed later than usual I ended up waking up later.”

That seemed like a normal answer, but it was a bit confusing. Phil got three maybe four hours of sleep a night? That's not healthy, not that she could judge seeing as their own sleep schedule was nonexistent.

The older male brought over the mugs, placing one down in front of Eret. Another was placed down at the head of the table before Phil took a seat on the opposite side of Eret, his own mug held between two hands.

The brunette glanced from the extra mug to Phil, confusion obvious. The blonde smiled, taking a sip of his drink before answering Eret's unspoken question.

“It's for Boo, they usually get up around this time and I like to have a mug waiting for them.”

Eret wanted to ask more but before he could there was the sound of padded footsteps walking down the hall. They glanced over to spot her tired sibling stumbling into the kitchen. Ranboo plopped down in the open chair and took the mug, just holding it in their hands as they started into the cup. He had bags under his eyes and they looked utterly exhausted, why were they up if they were this tired?

They wanted to ask, to figure out how to help but their mouth didn't move. Her tongue felt heavy in their mouth, refusing to budge. Phil was also silent, just sipping on his mug.

After a few moments of no one saying anything the blonde finally spoke up, placing his mug down and looking at the teen.

“Did you get any sleep?”

It took a second for him to respond but Ranboo eventually nodded their head, thumb rubbing against the mug.

“Nightmares?”

Another nod.

“Wanna talk about it?”

This one got a shake of the head instead, mismatched eyes staring directly into the untouched tea in their mug. Phil didn't push, didn't insist they talk about whatever was plaguing the teen's mind, something Ranboo was grateful for.

He hated having these dumb nightmares, for wasting both Phil and Techno's time. The two could still be peacefully sleeping the night away yet they were both waking up at odd hours of the night just to keep Ranboo company on the nights when memories or fears wouldn't leave them be.

They appreciated it really, he was very grateful for the company, but they also felt bad for messing with their sleep schedule even though they both insisted it was fine and they didn't mind.

After a few moments of silence, Phil started talking about one of his daytime tv dramas, explaining what happened in the latest episode and what he thought would happen next. It was a great distraction from their mind, giving them something else to focus on. Eret even joined in offering his own theories and asking questions since she wasn't as caught up in the inner workings of the Rodriguez family and their secrets.

It was nice to just listen and let their voices drown out the one voice that never seemed to leave their side.

Chapter End Notes

Guess who's back
Back again
Pog is back
Tell a friend!~

Confessions

Chapter Summary

Who wants to cry??

Chapter Notes

TW's::

Mentions of Major Character Death (Temporary)

Mentions of Torture

Mentions of Quackity

Self-Blame

Self-Deprecating Thoughts/Words

Cursing

Unhealthy Coping Mechanisms

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next few days consisted of Eret staying for another night and then visiting after their shift at Just Desserts. Ranboo didn't really mind, they actually enjoyed their sibling's presence. Of course, it wasn't always great, they still had things that needed to be discussed.

Eret only knew some of the stuff that happened to them, they hadn't even started to explain how they got out of his second encounter with Quackity. They've talked about some of it but not everything, and honestly Ranboo wasn't sure if they wanted to talk about it anymore. Just explaining everything the other day had drained them emotionally and left them feeling more vulnerable than he was comfortable with. It brought up too many memories, too many phantom injuries, it made Quackity's voice even louder in their head.

So he's been actively trying not to think about any of that, which meant distractions. Was it the smartest idea to ignore his issues and pretend they don't exist? Oh yeah, definitely not. Did Ranboo care? Nope, not one bit.

Which is why they are currently hiding out in the tiny barn out back, braiding Carl's mane while LKT sat on their lap. The raccoon chittered quietly as they relaxed, curled up in a ball and almost purring. Carl on the other hand was laying on the cement barn floor, legs tucked under him while the monochrome teen messed with his mane.

Ranboo chose this spot specifically because it meant that not a lot of people would even attempt to get close. Carl was a great guard dog... donkey? Guard donkey? Whatever, Carl strikes fear into almost everyone except Technoblade and Phil. Tommy and Wilbur were for sure not going to venture close, Tubbo was usually smart enough to not even try, and Niki just didn't go near the barn much anyway.

It wasn't that he was avoiding his family... Okay, they were a bit but no one could prove it. He was just feeling a bit overwhelmed, with memories resurfacing and a bunch of people around, they just wanted a bit of time away. It wasn't like the teen went far, they were still on the property, so it was fine.

Gentle teeth nipped at his fingers, Carl seemed upset that Ranboo's hands had stopped moving. The teen obliged and continued to braid the short hair into various tiny plaits. Letting their mind wander once again, hands moving absentmindedly.

Meanwhile inside the house was rather calm when compared to its usual amount of chaos. Techno was sitting in his chair reading, even though it was a book he's read a dozen times already he still found himself always coming back to it. Niki and Eret we're at the cafe, Tommy and Tubbo we're back in school again and would be back in a few hours. Wilbur was sitting on the couch strumming his guitar, muttering lyrics under his breath. Phil was the only other person outside, tending to his garden.

The blonde had spotted his kid escaping into the barn, figuring it was best to leave them alone for a bit. He knew boundaries were important for kids, hell for anyone, and it wasn't hard to see when Ranboo wanted to be alone. Techno was usually the one to go check up on them though, he seemed to know when the perfect time was. But Phil wasn't sure if the pinkette even knew that their kid was no longer in their room and was instead outside.

Phil sighed softly, dusting the dirt off his gloves and onto his gardening pants. He pushed himself up with a groan, no he wasn't old he was just stiff from crouching for hours. The blonde made his way towards the barn, unsure if his presence would even be welcome at the moment.

Peeking in he spotted his kid, who was currently laying on top of Carl. The donkey didn't seem to care much, he was just munching on some straw that must have been brought over for him. LKT could be heard rummaging around in his 'castle', chitters and snuffling being the most common sounds. Gently the blonde knocked on the barn wall, getting the dual-colored teen's attention.

"Wanna go for a walk?"

Phil wasn't the best at reading emotions, sure he was more experienced when compared to his partner but he wasn't an expert. Yet with his limited knowledge he could tell the teen had a lot on their mind, and one thing he was good at was distracting others.

Ranboo nodded and pushed themselves up, dusting straw and dirt off their clothes before walking over to him. The two of them made their way out of the barn, neither saying anything until Ranboo asked a question.

“Should we take Steve?”

“Sure, wanna grab him while I change out of these muddy jeans?”

The teen nodded, the two now heading towards the house. Once inside Techno glanced over but didn't say anything while Wilbur looked up and waved which Ranboo returned. The two-toned teen moved to the front entrance to grab Steve's leash while Phil went to go get changed.

By the time he returned Ranboo had gotten the white furball leashed up and ready to go, they even slipped their own sneakers on. Phil was slipping his own shoes on when Techno called out.

“You guys going out?”

“Yup! Just gonna go for a quick walk, well be back soon.”

The pinkette nodded and returned his attention back to his book, Wilbur said his own goodbyes before returning to his songwriting. The blonde smiled at his kid before opening the door for them, the teen nodding his thanks before walking through the door frame.

The walk itself was mostly quiet, only the sounds of birds or Steve's nails clicking on the sidewalk could be heard. They had been walking for about five minutes before Phil spoke up.

“You doing okay mate?”

Ranboo glanced over at their dad before focusing back onto Steve in front of him, fingers fiddling with the leash. They nodded after a second, he was technically okay. Phil didn't seem to buy it though, raising a brow and looking at them skeptically.

“You sure? You don't have to talk about it if you aren't okay Boo, but I'll listen if you want to talk.”

And the sad part was that he knew that, they knew Phil was being a hundred percent truthful. But they also knew if they did talk about what's been bothering them then their dad would get worried and upset. Sure the talk with Techno helped a bit and they were willing to drop the act a little, but it wasn't like they could magically fix their coping habits overnight. Hell they could barely talk about everything with Puffy and she was his literal therapist, she was paid to listen to their problems!

They'd love to actually talk about what's bugging them, maybe even get some helpful advice, but that one part of their brain kept reminding him of how much of a burden they'd be. Why should he subject his family to their trauma? Sure they already knew about it, about most of the crap Quackity put them through, but they didn't know all of it. Ranboo wasn't even sure how to convey some of the thoughts that ran through their head. They've tried to explain how they felt useless or like they were just causing problems for the others, but no one actually understood him; not the way he wanted them to.

Don't get them wrong, their family is amazing, but they didn't go through what Ranboo did; and he prayed they'd never have to. So their reassurances were more just words than things that actually settled his heart, and it sucked.

"I'm fine Phil, promise."

"Okay..."

It was silent after that, both focusing more on their steps than the conversation or each other. Both were following Steve, the dog leading them around as he pleased. Eventually, the canine led them over to an empty park, plopping down next to a bench and refusing to move.

So after a few moments of trying to get Steve up and moving again the two had come to the conclusion that Steve wasn't getting up anytime soon. Phil was the first to sit on the bench, patting the open spot next to him. Ranboo took their seat, interlocking his hand with their father's when he offered it. After the whole closet incident, this became a common event, holding hands whenever stressed or just because.

"I know you said you're okay, but I'm not."

The teen glanced over, spotting Phil leaning back with his head tilted to the sky. Blue eyes glanced over at them and Phil gave a slight smile, though his expression looked more pained than happy.

"Look Ranboo, I'm worried about you. I know you're not okay, I doubt any of us are okay anymore. We... I lost you, not once but twice... and I'm absolutely terrified it'll happen again." Phil's expression scrunched up as his eyes focused back onto the clouds, hand squeezing their own tightly; like he was scared Ranboo would disappear if he didn't have a hold of them. "I've had nightmares where it happens again, of what would have happened had we not found you, or if we were too late... Ran you died, your heart stopped, I almost lost you..."

Phil's voice cracked, his free hand reaching up to cover his eyes, hiding away his tears. He can remember that day so clearly, it's been the highlight of almost all his nightmares. He almost lost both his kid and partner that day, he almost lost his family, and there was nothing he could do to stop it. Phil's never felt so powerless, so useless before. He couldn't even save his family.

*"I wish I had the power to protect you, to protect Tech, to protect everyone. Sometimes I just want to keep you all bubble wrapped at home, so nothing like this bullshit ever happens again. But I can't, I can't keep you or any of the others perfectly safe. And it hurts, **it hurts** that I can't even keep my loved ones safe. I'm one of the fucking bosses to the strongest mafia family around, I have more money than I can spend, I have power and respect, yet I can't even keep my own kid safe. What kind of boss does that make me? What kind of father can't even protect his own child?!"*

Phil was breaking down, and he knew it wasn't fair to do so in front of Ranboo, he knew yet he couldn't stop the words from falling out of his mouth. He moved from leaning back to now

being hunched over himself, hand pressing against his eyes as if that would stop the tears from overflowing. He still held onto Ranboo's hand, even if his own was shaking.

"You should hate me, curse me out, yell at me yet you don't. I couldn't keep you safe even though I said I would, I lied to you and yet you still stay with us- with me. I sometimes wish I didn't go to Niki's cafe that day, that we didn't meet, maybe then none of this would have happened and you would have been safe. I wish I never dragged you into this life, I wish I could go back in time and prevent any of this from happening but I can't. I can't and it hurts, it's agony knowing I can't. I can't even imagine the pain you've gone through, and I never can, and I wish I could take that pain from you. You don't deserve it, you deserve to be happy, to live your life as you want, not saddled with all of this shit because of us... because of me."

Ranboo had heard enough, he pulled his hand out of his dad's even though Phil tried to hold onto him. Instead the teen turned and pulled the older man into a hug, the blonde instantly clinging to him. Phil was sobbing out apologies as he buried his head into the teen's shoulder, body shaking from the force of his cries. Ranboo wasn't the best at comforting, rubbing the elder's back as they attempted to calm him down.

"It's not your fault."

The blonde keened at their words, fists bunching up the fabric of their shirt. They hadn't known Phil felt this way, that he blamed himself so much. It wasn't Phil's fault, it wasn't either of his dad's faults no matter how many times they insisted it was. They knew they wouldn't be able to convince their dad that it wasn't his fault, yet they wanted to. He wanted to make sure Phil knew that they didn't blame him whatsoever, that they never would, but they also knew that trying to do so now wouldn't work. Phil wasn't looking for reassurance, he wasn't looking to be consoled. No, Phil was confessing his fabricated sins to Ranboo as some form of apology, a self-deprecating apology.

So for now Ranboo just held onto their father as he sobbed his heart out.

Chapter End Notes

We love Pog!Phil
Man's needs to be protected
#1 Dad ((Shared with Techno of course))

Resurfaced Pain

Chapter Summary

heyyyyy
it's me again

I give you pain

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

PTSD Flashbacks
Mentions of Torture
Mentions of Quackity
Cigarettes
Burns
Wounds/Injuries
Violence
Cursing

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Days proceeded normally, and Ranboo was growing restless. They haven't been out of the house in two weeks. Puffy canceled their last appointment because of a family emergency, they refused to go to any store after the last incident, and being out in public just wasn't something he wanted to do. So what did they do to fix this problem? They went outside.

He was sitting on the porch, Enderchest curled up next to them purring up a storm as they stroked her silky fur. Ranboo was mainly cloud-watching, getting lost in their own thoughts. His attention was drawn when they spotted movement out of the corner of their eye, spotting a little green lizard streaking across the pavement and toward them.

Ever since the Quackity incident animals seemed even more drawn to them, not that he was complaining he enjoyed the creatures' company, but it was still strange to get constantly surrounded by any animal that spots you. They held out their free hand and the lizard wasted no time crawling up onto it, little claws gripping them to hold on while they were lifted. Ranboo stared at the lizard and the lizard stared back, the two were in a staring contest; one ended by the back door opening.

“Uh...” Wilbur started as he looked down at his sibling, confusion only growing at what he saw. “You doing okay out here?”

The teen nodded once, gaze still locked onto the lizard before he looked up to Wilbur with the most serious look they could give.

“This lizard is my new therapist and you’re interrupting our session.”

The brunette stared at them, silently trying to figure out what Ranboo was trying to imply.

“The lizard... Is your therapist?” Wilbur asked, head tilting as he raised an eyebrow. When he got no other reply except a nod he huffed and sat down on the concrete next to Ranboo. “Well, are they any good? ‘Cuz I’ve been looking for a therapist that actually listens to me instead of preaching at me.”

The teen held up the lizard so Wilbur could see them better. The little reptile stared at the brunette before its tongue slapped against its face and eye, coating its muzzle in salvia.

“Never a truer piece of advice has been given, thank you doctor lizard. I’ll be sure to take it to heart.” Wilbur stated with a nod like he understood exactly what the lizard had ‘said’.

“Do you think they have a Ph.D.? I’m not sure this lizard is a licensed therapist...”

Ranboo placed the lizard down only for it to crawl up his leg and rest there, sprawling its little body out to get comfortable. The teen didn’t bother trying to move the reptile, it wouldn’t matter anyway since it would only return less than a minute later.

“But seriously, how’s actual therapy going?” Wilbur asked, leaning forward and resting his arm on his knee while his hand cradled his chin. “Puffy isn’t bullying you or anything?”

They knew the other was merely joking with them, though they didn’t miss the slight hint of concern in his tone. They nodded in reply, not wanting to fully get into everything they’d discussed over the past few months.

“It’s good, nothing bad to report.”

“Well if she ever does for whatever reason, you can come get me and I’ll take care of it.” He said, nudging his shoulder against theirs. Wilbur wore a shit-eating grin that had Ranboo smirking in reply.

They didn’t actually believe Wilbur would do anything to Puffy, but knowing how their family was he didn’t rule out the possibility. It was also comforting to know they had someone willing to even offer protection, it was still a bit weird to get used to.

Since there wasn’t much of a reason to continue this type of small talk, Ranboo changed the topic.

“Did you finish that song you were working on?”

“Kinda, I’m not sure it’s fully done ya know?” He started, shrugging his shoulders with a sigh. “I feel like it’s missing something but I can’t figure out what.”

“I’m sure you’ll figure it out, anyways it’ll be good no matter what.”

Wilbur’s eyes flicked to look over at them, narrowing playfully. “Of course, **you’d** say that, you like the dumb warm-up songs I play.”

What could he say, he was a fan of Wilbur’s work. They swear if the brunette wasn’t going to start publishing his songs soon then Ranboo would, anonymously of course. Maybe they’d put them up on Spotify or YouTube, somewhere for people to see Wilbur’s creative genius. He could probably get Tommy and Tubbo to help out too, they also enjoyed the elder’s music.

It was only a matter of time before the world would hear their pseudo-brother’s songs.



It had been weeks since the Walmart incident and Ranboo was feeling rather confident in his abilities to be out in public again. They’ve been on plenty of walks with Steve and other family members, even visiting the local park once or twice. Each time he hadn’t had as bad a reaction as the Walmart trip, maybe a few stressful moments but nothing too bad. So they decided to push it a bit more by attempting to go to the park with Phil and Eret and just have a picnic for an hour or so, to get used to people again.

They were nervous, anxiety itching under their skin as they clutched the backpack straps over their shoulders. He was hyping himself up unintentionally, but they wanted to be prepared this time. They knew what to expect and how to not react as badly as before, they could do this. Plus their dad was really excited about this outing, he had spent hours debating which teas to bring and what sandwiches to pack, he even cut off the crust like a doting father.

With the cafe being closed, due to a ‘family emergency’ which they found out was just code for ‘Syndicate business’, Eret had off work and decided to spend that time with him. The current Syndicate business wasn’t anything too stressful, hence why Phil didn’t go with the others, but it wasn’t something to be ignored either. Ranboo didn’t get the full details yet though they’d probably hear more about it later, especially since both Tommy and Tubbo were attending.

So this trip was with Phil and Eret only, which was fine. Honestly, it was probably better that way. If Tommy and Tubbo came it would be a lot more hectic, Niki would have probably brought some pastries which would have been nice, Wilbur would have most likely brought his guitar along which would attract people and in turn raise Ranboo’s anxiety levels, their other dad would have that look on his face at all times and drive everyone away. After the

Walmart incident, Techno tended to glare at anyone and everyone who passed them on the street, and Ranboo knew it was out of care but it was counterproductive to them trying to learn how to deal with other people again. So these two were probably the best options to go with, neither would actively attract attention nor drive it away unless needed.

But that still didn't help their anxiety, the feeling was still clawing at him like it wanted to break through his skin at any moment.

They flinched as a hand touched their shoulder, head snapping to the side to see Phil standing there with a slightly concerned smile.

"Hey mate, you feeling okay?" He asked, hand squeezing their shoulder gently. "Do you wanna reschedule?"

They shook their head quickly, that would probably make things worse. He's hyped himself up for today, putting it off will just make it harder next time. So it was now or never.

"I'm fine, just a little nervous."

It wasn't exactly a lie, but it wasn't the full truth either. Phil stared at them for a second before sighing with a nod. "Okay, but if it gets too much—"

"Tell you, I know." They replied, *"I'll be okay dad, promise."*

Phil chewed his lip for a second before relenting, nodding again before removing his hand from their shoulder.

The walk to the park itself was uneventful, it even helped Ranboo relax a bit, but once at the somewhat crowded park, his anxiety shot right back up. He wasn't going to show it though, instead they followed after their sibling and father. Once the picnic blanket was set up they plopped down onto the fabric with a huff, pulling off their backpack and starting to unload them. Now that his knee wasn't considered 'in danger of causing permanent damage' (at least not any extra damage) they were allowed to carry objects again, though nothing too heavy. So the teen's bag was only filled with plastic utensils, paper plates, and napkins while Eret carried the actual food and Phil carried the portable kettle.

They had expected the event to go badly, or at the very least not good. But turns out their worry was over nothing, no one bothered them and they could eat and mingle in peace. Honestly, Ranboo would rank this day as one of their best, as an added bonus it seemed that Eret and Phil got along pleasantly and there were a total of zero threats being exchanged.

But of course, Ranboo's day had to go downhill, honestly they should have expected it at this point. Their dad had left to go throw out the trash and empty the kettle, leaving them and Eret waiting by the park's entrance. The smell of ash and smoke hit his nose, making it wrinkle in disgust. It burned, like tiny embers were embedding themselves into their nostrils. The scent was strong, nearly overwhelming—

Smoke clouding the air, the urge to cough was unbearable but they know not to. Even just clearing his throat would draw attention to himself and that was never a good idea. But his

body betrayed him, their throat spasming and forcing them to cough out the acidic air.

Their hair was grabbed, head wrenched up to lock eyes with the ravenette. Quackity blew out a cloud into their face with a smirk, which didn't help stop their coughing fit.

"Does it smell bad?" He sarcastically questioned. "Can't handle a little nicotine mutt?"

Their head was released, the teen hoping that was all Quackity had wanted to do. But they knew better, that wasn't even the beginning.

His arm was grabbed in a tight grip, being pulled forward. They stumbled up as Quackity practically dragged them across the room before shoving them into a metal chair.

"Sit."

They didn't dare move.

One moment nothing happened and then the next their hand was burning. He tried to pull back, to get away from whatever was causing pain but the man's grip around their wrist was stronger.

"Sto-"

The burning got stronger as something was pushed against their skin with more force than before.

"I thought you knew better than to bark without a command." Quackity growled out, lifting the still-lit cigarette bud up only to bring it back down onto their forearm. They wanted to scream but instead, they kept their jaw clenched tight, letting only a whine escape. "That's better, not perfect but that can be fixed."

The pain continued, repeating all up and down their arm. And once Quackity ran out of places to burn he simply moved to the next arm, repeating the entire process. Ranboo learned two things that day; don't break the rules and that whenever Quackity smokes; expect burns.

He was pulled out of their head by movement in front of their face, what looked to be a hand reaching for them. He didn't hesitate, latching on quickly. There was a yelp and then a second hand pushing against their cheek. He wasn't going to let go that easily, if Quackity wanted to hurt them then he would need to pry them off first.

They could taste blood in their mouth, though he wasn't sure if it was Quackity's or their own. Something touched their head and he bit down harder, but the expected yank didn't happen. Instead of pain the hand gently stroked their hair, another hand came to touch their cheek and they flinched back. The hand didn't strike them, instead it wiped away the tears that Ranboo hadn't even realized were falling.

Soft words were being spoken, the two-toned teen had no idea what they were saying but they were comforting nonetheless. Reality was slowly returning to them, and with it dread. The second they recognized the hand not to be Quackity's he practically spit it out of their mouth, backpedaling only to run into a chest.

Arms circled them, one hand tangling in their hair while the other rubbed their back. It took a second but soon they recognized their dad, clinging onto him just as tightly. It was a bit awkward since they needed to bend down so Phil wasn't standing on his toes to reach them, but Ranboo was willing to put up with back pain if it meant they could remain in his embrace.

Words were still being exchanged around him, now two voices instead of just one. Though what was being said still eluded them, it sounded more like buzzing than actual words. The teen didn't bother trying to decipher the sentences, instead they focused on breathing and calming their heart down. They stayed like that for a few minutes, slowly grounding themselves with moderate success.

They hope they didn't bite Phil, they'd feel horrible if they hurt their dad. But when they moved their head out of Phil's shoulder they could easily see Eret. The brunette had their hand clutched closely to their chest, what looked to be a napkin pressed against it; drops of red staining the white surface.

Oh gods

There was only one word to describe their sibling's expression: **horror**.

Chapter End Notes

we getting into the good shit now boys~

Desensitization

Chapter Summary

It's food time kiddos~

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Death/Murder

Mentions of Quackity

Self-deprecating Thoughts/Words

Unhealthy Coping Mechanisms

Mentions of Animal Death (Metaphorical)

Self-Blame

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After the park incident, Ranboo had practically barricaded himself in his room, not fully since Enderchest still needed to come and go. Mainly he hadn't left his room unless necessary, and it was starting to worry their dads. Every few hours one of the two would knock on the door and peek a head in, asking if they needed anything. They'd always shake their head, remaining curled up in their blanket cocoon atop his bed.

Techno and Phil had both tried to coax the teen into talking about the incident, repeatedly reminding them that they weren't at fault. But he was! He shouldn't have acted like that, and shouldn't have reacted so harshly. And now their sibling had to get stitches, a mark that would surely scar and be a permanent reminder of that day.

Guilt sat heavy in their stomach, making their appetite nearly nonexistent. The look on Eret's face was fully ingrained into their brain, one of shocked horror. Even just thinking about it caused their gut to swirl with nausea.

Ranboo couldn't forgive himself, they wouldn't allow it. He was better, they **should** have been better by now. They didn't expect to miraculously get over months of trauma so easily but surely he had made enough progress to not react so violently. Yet they still did, he still lashed out like...

Like a feral dog .

Isn't that what you are though?

He wasn't, they knew they weren't.

But you act like one, you attack anything if you think it'll hurt you. How much longer until you bite the hand that feeds you? The one who cares for you? Then what?

They silently growled at themselves, burrowing their head into their knees in an attempt to block out the voice. Not that it did anything, the voice was still easily heard in his head. But at least with his sight blocked they didn't have to see his tormentor walking around his room, completely carefree.

Do you know what they do to dogs who bite?

They didn't answer, already knowing Quackity would answer his own question.

They get put down. Once a dog bites it'll bite again, and by that point, there's nothing you can do to fix that behavior. So the only option is to get rid of it.

Maybe that's what will happen to you.

It wouldn't. They knew that for a fact, no one in his family would hurt them over this. He knows this, yet the doubt still creeps in and clings to his subconscious like a leech.

It's probably for the better anyway, I mean what use is a mutt who could turn against you at any second? You'd be better off going back to what I taught you, at least then you'd be worth something.

“ **Shut up...**” They mumbled into the soft material surrounding them, words still sounding loud even while muffled. They glared up at the man who was staring right at them, dark eyes shimmering with mirth and a wickedly smug smirk on his face.

I'm just saying. If you don't want to hurt them, which you will, then maybe you should go back to what you do best. Grovel, plead, and beg. It's so much better when you aren't talking back, when you aren't fighting back.

Just give up. It's so much easier to just let someone else take control right? No responsibility, no difficult choices, no more incidents.

It would be better than this, wouldn't it?

They knew logically that the man wasn't actually in his room, that he wasn't actually whispering into their ear everything they didn't want to hear, but it felt real enough to keep their heart rate accelerated. The two-toned teen attempted to ignore the man, eyes finding something else to focus on instead of the image of Quackity.

The ravenette hummed before sitting beside Ranboo, even without a physical presence they still felt like the man was looming over them.

Really Belovi? When are you going to stop being so stubborn? Isn't it time to stop acting out now? Surely this attitude of yours is a bother to everyone around you. Hell, they can barely get near you without the fear of you lashing out again.

You've already attacked them before, and now you're going after more of your loved ones.

You're just a rabid mongrel who needs to be sh-

“Boo?”

Their head snapped up to see their dad with their bedroom door partially open, fist still held up from knocking against the door frame. Techno looked both worried and concerned, eyes scanning them as if he could obtain the answers by just looking over Ranboo.

“You doing okay bud?” Techno spoke softly, words dripping in concern. It was enough for a lump to form in their throat, their face feeling heavy as emotions attempted to pour out of him. “Ranboo?”

They shook their head, shoulders raising as they attempted to shrink into themself as much as possible. He could hear the pinkette walk over, socked feet thumping quietly against the floor. The bed dipped next to them, the teen letting the weight drag them down until they were leaning against Techno. His warmth seeped through the blanket, feeling like the man had spent the day in front of the fireplace before checking in on them.

“Hey kiddo,” The pinkette started, arm circling them and pulling them even closer. The teen snuggled close, hiding their face in the man in a futile attempt to stop any tears. They didn’t want to cry, they didn’t want to feel so weak. “Wanna talk about it?”

They shook their head, burrowing their face even deeper into the older man. Scents of paper and dust tickled their nose, he must have been reading before coming to check on them.

The pinkette hummed in response, hand slowly brushing through their hair. Gently whatever knots were in their hair were untangled, the teen’s stiff posture listening ever so slightly. He didn’t say anything else, instead the two sat in silence.

Ranboo knew he should tell *someone* about the whole fake Quackity thing, but how? They didn’t want people thinking they were crazy or anything, even if they knew none of their family would ever think that. But the fear, the fear of possible rejection was enough to keep them silent on the matter. Or maybe it was just part of their brain that made up the fake version of their abuser, the part that believed they deserved the continued torture.

While logically they knew that was wrong, that he didn’t deserve any of the pain they went through, another part of them said otherwise. No matter what they tried, Quackity’s words still haunted them, still weaponizing all their insecurities. Ranboo’s own brain was actively working against them.

“You know,” Techno muttered softly, hands moving to now twirl a strand of their hand. “No one’s mad at you right?”

Yes, they knew, but that didn't make them feel better. They should be mad, upset at him, but no one was. Even Eret wasn't angry at him when she had every right to be upset.

"It's okay if you don't believe me," The pinkette continued, voice low and soft, comforting in a way. "I'll just keep reminding you, even if it takes weeks."

Ranboo didn't doubt that, Technoblade was stubborn and would definitely make sure they *knew* he was being completely truthful. It was nice, knowing that someone cared so deeply about them, that multiple people cared that much.

"You can always lean on us, Ranboo." Their dad whispered, squeezing them with a hug.

"*Always*."

•————•(♡)————•

Techno's pep talk helped ease their mind, they didn't feel a hundred percent better yet but it was still an improvement. Speaking of improvements...

"Are you sure about this, Ran?" Niki muttered as she shifted her weight from foot to foot, eyes searching Ranboo's face for any sign of hesitance. She wouldn't find any though.

The sun was bright and warm against their skin, the fresh scent of newly blooming flowers in the air. The garden Phil had planted in the backyard had grown beautifully; red, yellow, and orange flowers sat nestled in the dirt. Honestly, today was the perfect day, it was sunny and warm, and not a cloud in the sky.

He nodded in reply, anxiety and nerves turning their stomach. He could do this, they **needed** to do this. It would be *easy*, and then once it was over things would be a lot better.

"I really don't think—" Niki's jaw clicked shut at the look Ranboo gave her, a frown forming on her lips. "I just really think we should wait until Techno or Phil come home."

The two-toned teen shook his head quickly, hands quickly signing out his reply. "*No, they won't let me do this if they knew.*"

"Then maybe you shouldn't..." Niki replied. Ranboo knew she meant well but this was for the greater good.

Her eyes bore into them, searching for something he knew she wouldn't find. She sighed deeply, shoulders slumping with the exhale.

"Fine," The pinkette huffed, her eyebrows furrowed. She was obviously unhappy with Ranboo's stubbornness. "But I still don't think this is a good idea."

Ranboo perked up at that, he hoped his expression showed how grateful they were for Niki's help in all of this. They couldn't ask Tommy or Tubbo to help, and neither would take it as seriously as Ranboo wanted. Their dads were obviously out, neither would even think of

allowing what Ranboo wanted to do. And Wilbur was too sensitive over the matter, he'd refuse immediately if the teen asked. So Niki was the last choice. (They didn't dare ask Eret for help with this, especially since he was still avoiding his sibling)

They adjusted their footing, digging their heels into the dirt. Sucking in a deep breath they readied themselves. Niki still looked hesitant, but she didn't try to stall any longer. The pinkette straightened, fists clenched at her sides as her expression morphed to one that was much colder than before.

“Sit.”

The word was easy to ignore, but the feeling it brought with it wasn't. It felt like his stomach dropped, the feeling weighing him down as if trying to physically force him to obey.

But they didn't.

Even though they felt their legs shaking and the fear starting to crawl over him, they still remained upright.

Niki's expression remained cold but her eyes were solely focused on Ranboo. They knew the pinkette was worried about this whole thing, even through that emotionless persona she wore.

He took a breath before motioning for her to continue. His goal was to be able to completely ignore **any** command from **anyone**. But that was only possible if they trained themselves. Puffy mentioned something about exposure therapy and how it could be helpful in small doses.

But Ranboo didn't have time to take things slow. Quackity was still out there somewhere and they doubted he'd truly leave them and their family alone. (The man was too obsessive and competitive, he wouldn't give up so easily)

“Sit.” Niki repeated, her tone as cold as her expression.

If Ranboo didn't know any better they'd actually believe Niki hated their guts or something. But he did know better, and he knew how sweet and nice Niki was. He knew for a fact she wouldn't hurt him, she'd *never* hurt them.

They could feel how their knees tried to buckle, their body trying to betray them. It felt like he was fighting against gravity itself as it tried to drag him down.

Why was this so hard? It was a single word, yet it had this much power over him.

“Okay, no that's enough.”

They quickly shook their head, eyes screwed shut to fight off the tears starting to form in their eyes. Not yet, they could last a bit longer.

“Ran,” The pinkette started, voice taking on a softer tone. They could hear her step forward, her shoe crunching against the grass and dirt. “Let's stop now.”

Again they shook their head, frustration growing. (Not at Niki, no never at Niki) He was upset with himself, with the knowledge that he wasn't better yet. He *should be better*. *Why wasn't he better*?

Warm arms wrapped around him, dragging him into a hug. The shirt they were pressed up against smelt of vanilla and cinnamon, of warm pastries fresh from the oven. He slumped in the hold, already recognizing the arms that held onto him.

Quietly Niki shushed him, hands rubbing their back in soothing circles. She whispered her reassurances to him, gentle words that held more meaning to Ranboo than he first thought possible.

“Let’s go inside now,” The pinkette said quietly, arms squeezing them for half a second. “We can make some hot chocolate and just relax until the others come home.”

It was unsaid but Ranboo still understood what she meant. They were done, Niki was done, and she wasn’t going to do this again.

So he simply nodded against her shoulder, his own arms tightening around her. Slowly she helped him stand up (they must have fully collapsed when Niki hugged them) and dust off whatever dirt stuck to their clothes. She kept her arm around their shoulders, pulling them into her side as they walked back to the back door.

A headache was already starting to form, and all they really wanted to do was curl up on the couch and take a nap. The training session may not have gone the way Ranboo originally wanted, but if he was honest, he expected failure at this point. (Even though they desperately wanted to succeed)

They just really hoped Niki wouldn’t tell their dads about what happened, they’d be coddled for weeks if either Techno or Phil knew.

Chapter End Notes

Heyo~
It me again

Just as a disclaimer::

Pog!Ranboo isn't mentally okay, so some of their reasoning isn't healthy. You should never try to force yourself to be 'better' or to 'get over' trauma like shown above. Trauma takes a long time to heal from and sometimes it doesn't always feel like you are actually healing, but don't try to force or rush the healing process. Doing this can result in creating further issues or can make the current issues even worse. You should always seek help for things dealing with trauma.

NOT A CHAPTER || UPDATE

Chapter Summary

NOT A CHAPTER

UPDATE

Chapter Notes

Mentions of Depression/Anxiety

Mentions of Animal Death

Hey guys, it's been a hot minute huh?

So first off, apologies for not updating in like 7/8 months or so, that wasn't exactly the plan
(^__^)

A lot has been going on and I haven't had the motivation or energy to write anything really. I've been struggling **hard** with my depression and anxiety these past few months, and because of that, my motivation has been unfortunately nonexistent. My life has been hectic lately with personal issues, legal issues, and other shit that I had very little control over. As some of you may know my dog of 16 years had to be put down somewhat recently (in November) and I had a very hard time dealing with that, and I am still dealing with that. This event has impacted my mental health drastically, and I'm still recovering from this.

I've also fallen out of the DSMP fandom, I still love the characters and stories I've written but currently, I have no desire to continue them. This may change in the future though, I can't promise when I will update or what fic I will update. I still have all my plans for each fic, and I hope one day I can share them with you all. I don't want to discontinue my fics or leave them forever unfinished, but my mental health can't handle writing them right now. So for now all my fics are going on indefinite hiatus with no end date. I hope to continue/finish them one day, even if it's just sharing a rough outline of the future chapters. But until I decide if I truly can't finish them they will remain here in stasis.

(Who knows maybe I'll pass them off to others to finish, I'm not fully sure just yet.)

Apologies again, I know this isn't the update anyone wants but I've put off writing this update for multiple months. (I should have written this up back in September/October honestly) I'm very grateful to everyone who's read my fics and everyone I've met/interacted with because of them. Truly you guys are all amazing and such wonderful people, and I am beyond thankful for the time spent in the DSMP fandom and the friends I've made along the way. I'm thinking of focusing more on my original characters for now and getting back into writing through them. I'll still be active within my discord and on other social media, and who knows, maybe I'll be back here again with new fics from some other fandoms or even back into the DSMP.

I think I've said the basics of what I wanted to say here, so I'll keep this short and simple. Thank you all once again for joining me on this wild ride and I hope to see you all again in the future, wherever that may be. (づ ⦿_⦿)づ

-B0N3D4D1

End Notes

Thank you for reading my fics!

If you'd like to follow me on other social media platforms, here you go::

ALSO::

If you want to follow me on other social media my card can be found [HERE](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!